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Every politician and
his wife

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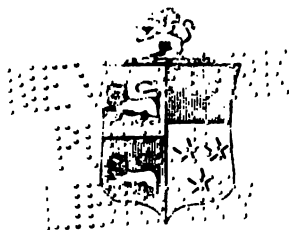
**EVERY POLITICIAN
AND HIS WIFE**

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EVERY POLITICIAN AND HIS WIFE

BY
ADELE S. BURLESON
(Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson)

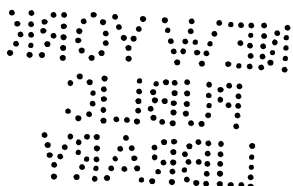
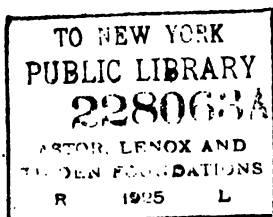
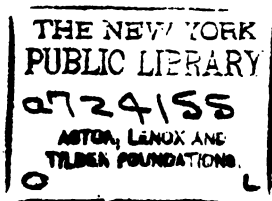
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THOMAS R. MARSHALL
Vice President of the United States



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B

To

RUSKIN McARDLE

MY HUSBAND'S SECRETARY

THE REAL VICTIM OF MRS. KETCHAM'S
AMBITION

THE
REAL
VICTIM
OF
MRS.
KETCHAM'S
AMBITION

TRANSFER FROM C. O. DEC 1925

ROY W. B.
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V. 100

INTRODUCTION



MODESTY, charity and timidity compel me to deny that this book was written for me or about me. There are some things — though few — which a man has a right to refuse to confess to the public.

The finest fiction is the truest history; and the historic work which follows is worthy of thoughtful consideration by every man who hopes to be a politician and every woman who dreams of being a politician's wife. Read and thoroughly digested, it will enable you to be sometime referred to by the society editress as the Honorable and Mrs. Somebody.

Detailing as it does the everyday experiences of one politician and his wife, it would be impolite and impertinent upon my part to even suggest that there might be exceptions. Everybody knows that each politician is like every other politician save in one respect: some have wives; some have

Introduction

not. Those who have no wives are ordinarily more deeply concerned touching the wrongs of womankind than those who have.

Recently I saw a perfectly good desk in the United States Senate hopelessly ruined by the salt tears which fell from the eyes of an unattached senator while describing the sad and unfortunate situation of the unmarried women of America. I now think he read this book before I did. On the other hand, the married politician is not particularly worried about the secondary condition of his wife. He soon discovers that both at home and abroad opinion coincides that success is due to her, her wisdom and her advice, and failure because he did not follow them.

One good reason for universal woman suffrage was never urged. We may give it now. It is that with suffrage the wife gets the glory which belongs to her—and is forced, no more, to shed the light of her countenance upon a brass-imaged husband.

How can a man get along in a political career where he must twist and turn, advance and retreat, be brave and timid, truthful and false, without the assistance of a descendant of the original Eve? And yet,

Introduction

if this be so, how comes it that unmarried men succeed somewhat in public life?

At last I am able to answer the great question. A politician is a statesman who was foolish enough to marry young; a statesman is a politician who was wise enough to never marry.

This book is the history of a politician. Read it: and as you read forget for a little the rights of woman, — and remember the wrongs of man.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Feb. 28, 1921

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**EVERY POLITICIAN
AND HIS WIFE**



Every Politician and His Wife

I

MR. KETCHAM TAKES A WIFE



WHEN ADDIE SWEET married Daniel Webster Ketcham she brought very little to their partnership except a pretty face and a mild temper. Her father thought that girls did not need much education; her mother believed that if she always looked nice and was pleasant she could meet all kinds of crises.

A wise woman, the friend of the family, disagreed with the parents and advised her to learn all she could, if possible how to be useful.

Addie smiled at herself in the mirror, flourished her lip-stick, burnished her nails and felt that she would do. Mr. Ketcham believed that he had acquired the Earth in its fulness when she put her hand into his and promised freely to love and obey.

Every Politician and His Wife

The honeymoon was a dream.

At home, they started their life together in a house far larger than Mr. Ketcham knew would serve, but Addie had ideas, and besides was used to so much. Naturally he yielded against his judgment.

When he paid down fifteen hundred dollars cash, his celibate savings towards matrimony, and signed notes for the balance of the purchase price, he tried to feel cheerful and smile. The adorable child he had married would help him save and pay them off. Didn't they always?

When her father gave Addie a snug Ford, the one maid he had reckoned upon was supplemented by a man to clean the new machine. It seemed unkind to deny his wife a single thing she had always enjoyed, but when the sum of the monthly bills soared apace, grew larger than Mr. Ketcham's average monthly income, he was worried. He mistakenly hinted at light housekeeping.

"I didn't know you wanted me to be a cook, Dan," said the girl with mild surprise.

"Of course not, Addie," said Ketcham desperately, rather shocked at her plain translation, "but you know we're living beyond our means. I thought —"

Mr. Ketcham Takes a Wife

"I'm sure I'm just as economical as I can be," she interrupted with a threat of tears.

He soothed her as best he could.

"You see, we're both inexperienced in marriage, but we must keep on until we learn a way right through its difficulties."

"I've been working awfully hard all day," she asserted with some resentment.

He brightened.

"You made that dress you said you needed?" he suggested hopefully.

"No, Dan, I didn't. I'd never wear a dress I'd made myself. You know I'd look a perfect fright!"

"I'll guess again — you preserved those pears that are going to waste in the garden."

"I don't believe you'll ever be satisfied until you get me in the kitchen," she pouted.

"Well, what *was* it you worked so hard at?" he persisted, ignoring her resentment.

"I planted morning-glories all around the porch. Just look at my hands."

She extended two slightly stained and sun-burned hands. He took them in his and regarded her earnestly.

"That kind of gardening is recreation, Addie — now isn't it?"

"Goodness, Dan, the gardener charges

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five dollars a day! It's frightfully grubby."

"And the dress?"

"I bought it. I needed it."

"It cost — ?"

She hesitated.

"I'd like to see *anybody* get anything fit to wear for less."

"What did you pay, Addie?"

"Prices are awfully high, but what can you do? I must have clothes."

"And the price, Addie?"

"I declare, Dan, you make me feel as if I had robbed you."

Mrs. Ketcham burst into tears.

Mr. Ketcham did not put his arms around his pretty wife.

For a few minutes he sat very still in his chair, reading a future with knitted brow. Then, taking a fat bundle of law papers, he shut himself into their parlor-and-library and worked until midnight.

Addie cried, and soon fell asleep.

II

ADVICE



WHAT right has a *prosperous man* to expect his wife to cook?"

Mrs. Ketcham spoke plaintively, and she asked the question of that wise woman, the family friend.

"Dear, husband and wife must pull the same stroke if they really want to win. Whatever you do must be done with a mutual belief in its reason. Of course this is trite — and just as true."

The wise woman kissed the untrained young wife on the cheek, and went her way.

"I don't see how you *can* wear those shabby clothes, Dan," complained his wife at dinner time.

"You'd better order a couple of new suits for me."

"Oh, Dan, I'm glad. I do so love to see you look nice. Has your tailor the measurements? I'll order them right away." She flew to the telephone.

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"Conscience! Addie," he exclaimed crossly, "surely you don't think me in earnest?"

"I don't see why not."

"Take a look at my check-book. You'll know," grimly.

"You never talk about anything but economy and expense, Dan. I should think you'd tire of it. I know I do."

With an air of extreme disappointment she returned to her seat at the table.

"If you had to get out and make the living, you'd very soon know why I mention disagreeable subjects so often."

The bitterness of voice aroused his wife.

"Well, I don't see just the same why we should live like refugees and dress as if we didn't have a cent in the world. Mrs. Penn said to me only this morning: 'if a man begins to look *seedy*, people always know he isn't doing well.' "

"In my case they'd be dead right, too," he answered doggedly.

Mrs. Ketcham put down knife and fork to look directly at him.

"I don't understand you at all, Dan. Only yesterday you told me you'd got two new cases, and that there was money in both."

Advice

"Don't worry Addie," he persisted, prosily, harking back to the original proposition, "no man who spends more than he makes is in danger of doing too well."

"Perhaps you're sorry you married," she suggested tartly.

There was an unpleasant silence.

"I didn't say that," he fenced. Yet he had waited too long with his answer.

"But that was what you meant, I know," exclaimed his wife in grief-stricken tones.

"Certainly *not*. I neither said nor meant anything of the kind."

He pushed his chair back and rose abruptly from the table.

"I'm sure I don't know how to please you any more, Dan. I do the best I can, but it always seems to be wrong," whimpered Mrs. Ketcham.

"Don't let's have a scene," frowned her husband, putting on his hat.

"Well, I declare, Dan," she said, breaking down entirely. "I don't believe you love me any more."

Mr. Ketcham did not kiss the tear-stained little face, as had been his custom after talks of similar import, and also before-and-after meals. Instead, he walked to the front door

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and passed out of it quickly, only pausing to say: "Don't talk nonsense, Addie."

Mrs. Ketcham mopped her face resentfully and reflected that men were difficult creatures, indeed.

III

THE OFFICE-SEEKER



WITH the arrival of the baby came more bills, representing doctors and druggists and nurses, with miscellany.

Mr. Ketcham was not impervious to the thrill of fatherhood when he looked at the small scrap of humanity and fearsomely touched the tiny, groping hands, but he felt the strain of the added responsibility. New lines appeared in his face. .

"I suppose you'll insist upon looking after that precious baby yourself, Addie," he ventured, when his wife's strength and color had been firmly re-established.

"Mercy, no!" she answered positively, "nursing is the hardest work in the world."

"I don't see why," he opposed, "the boy doesn't look formidable."

"Well, try taking care of him. Mother says that nothing breaks down a woman like nursing." Mrs. Ketcham glanced at the mirror and patted a curl into shape.

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"Do you think we can stand the additional expense, another maid?" he demanded, bracing himself for her answer.

Addie flushed.

"Of course, Dan, if you really expect me to take care of the baby, I'll do it," and she tossed her head with a mildly martyred air.

"You might try it," was her husband's brief response.

"Oh, very well, but I can't answer for the consequences," she countered warmly.

Mr. Ketcham kept discreetly silent.

"I don't know what father and mother will think of such a plan," she continued, with a slightly defiant air.

"As they don't meet our expenses perhaps it doesn't matter," reflected the man, aloud.

For a moment Mrs. Ketcham breathed with wrath and difficulty, gazing at her spouse as if she had just detected him in shattering a sacred image.

"How can you ever speak of father and mother like that?" she finally burst forth.

"I'm not aware of speaking of them in any objectionable way," he responded with provoking coolness.

The Office-Seeker

“Well! I didn’t know you expected them to pay our bills”

Mrs. Ketcham’s soft treble quavered with surprise and indignation.

“I neither expect nor wish that they should,” said Ketcham carefully, “but since we, alone, are responsible for our obligations, we’re going to decide right along on those we assume.”

Yet no amount of reasoning could convince his wife that she had misunderstood. Strained times followed with the parents of Addie. Of course in the end he hired a nurse. It was easier, if expensive.

At the close of the year there were unpaid bills. The notes on their home had to be renewed, while furrows deepened on Ketcham’s brow.

About this time the office of State’s Attorney became vacant. The Governor would fill it by appointment. As there was a small salary attached to the office but no limit to the fees, an able prosecutor could make money. With even moderate success, Mr. Ketcham felt that his income would be agreeably increased could he secure the place.

“What does your wife think of it?” asked

Every Politician and His Wife

one of his friends who was urging his claims upon the Governor.

Mr. Ketcham paused a moment before answering the question.

"Oh, that'll be all right," he said lightly.

He was just a bit shocked when he realized how little he had concerned himself with his wife's possible attitude, and he hastily put aside the thought that it did not greatly matter. Of course he loved her as much as ever, he told himself, but naturally she was too busy to take an intelligent — no, that was the wrong word — an *active* interest in his affairs.

Yet she was entitled to know whatever concerned him. They discussed his aspirations that very evening.

"Why in the world do you want to go into *politics*?" exclaimed Mrs. Ketcham when she had fully sensed the situation.

"I've got to make a living, somehow," replied her husband.

"Goodness, Dan, I'm sure you're doing as well as any of the other young lawyers."

"You can hear the wolf scratching at the door even now."

"But, dear me, you talk as though we were

The Office-Seeker

paupers." There was confidence in the toss of her head.

"If I don't get this office, I see us both — traveling over the hill to the poorhouse." Mr. Ketcham spoke with horrid earnestness.

"I don't see how you can talk like that" — Addie was trying hard not to cry — "I'm sure I do all *I* can to hold down expenses."

"Is that the reason you keep more servants than any neighbor you've got, belong to all the clubs in town and have four new hats every season?" There was fine sarcasm in Mr. Ketcham's voice.

"Mercy! You don't expect me to drop out of *everything*? Heaven knows I gave up enough when I married you!"

Other men have heard this cry. It can't be answered. Ketcham now preserved a sore silence that keyed her nerves to the breaking point.

"I wish I could do anything that pleased you." Her voice faltered. "I don't pretend to be a good cook and I'll admit I don't know how to make my own dresses, but I *have* tried to be a good wife."

"I haven't time to go into that now, Addie."

"I suppose you'll be so busy with your old

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politics that you'll never have time for me again!" Mrs. Ketcham's glance into the future made her wink hard.

His answer was to produce a paper pad from his pocket, on which he proceeded to scribble.

"I'm — I'm opposed to politics." Mrs. Ketcham yielded to the strain on her feelings and the tears began to flow.

"Of course, all women are. I suppose you'd like to see me turned down by the Governor."

"How can you, Dan!" Indignation dried her tears. "If you *will* apply for the office of course I want you to win. In fact, I'll help you. I've sometimes felt I was cut out for a politician. I really believe I've a genius for politics."

Mr. Ketcham whistled softly, remembering various club episodes in which his wife had loomed. But she was beyond his reach. While he prepared the statement that was to support his application for the office, she was dreaming of herself as a political power — an irresistible factor in her husband's affairs. She thrilled to think that at last she had found her true sphere. She would show her husband what she was. She did.

IV

A GOVERNOR IMPRESSED



RS. KETCHAM'S resolution to become a world power in her husband's affairs speedily translated itself into action. A sort of knowing secrecy now characterized her manner, and for two days she greeted her husband on his return home with a breathless suspense of voice quite unusual.

When, on the evening of the second day of this ominous recession, Mr. Ketcham walked in with gloom written on his brow, her pent-up feelings burst into eager conversation.

"Did the Governor appoint?" she demanded eagerly.

"No!"

"Oh!" — in a disappointed tone. "I was sure he would appoint today."

"Why today rather than yesterday, or the day before, or tomorrow?" said Mr. Ketcham, querulously.

Every Politician and His Wife

"Because," — with a mysterious air, — "I had a very special reason for thinking that he would make the appointment *today*."

Mr. Ketcham made no response. He now rarely concerned himself with his wife's reasons. Like many a new-blown benedict, he had had to turn from honey to money.

"I really believe, Dan," she went on, "that we ought to impress the Governor a little with our importance."

Mr. Ketcham looked grim.

"Governors are just as human as other people, and he ought to be *made* to realize that we are somebody."

"Of course," ejaculated Ketcham, "by all means!"

"Certainly, my dear. You see it just as I do."

Mr. Ketcham laughed aloud and slapped his knee, as if his wife's remarks were some huge joke.

"So yesterday," continued Mrs. Ketcham, "mamma and I and the baby and the nurse drove to the capitol."

Mr. Ketcham ceased laughing.

"We stopped and just as we were getting out of the machine the Governor walked out — "

A Governor Impressed

"Did he know you?" burst out Ketcham, pausing in his usual pace up and down the parlor rug.

"Of course he did," said Mrs. Ketcham, proudly. "I'd met him several times before. I don't see why you should think he could forget so easily," in a hurt tone.

"Addie," said Mr. Ketcham, standing squarely in front of her and digging his hands deeper into his pockets, "you mean to say that the Governor saw you yesterday in that limousine of your mother's?"

"Yes," snapped his wife.

"With baby — and the nurse in that devilish white cap of hers?" he continued, menacingly.

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Ketcham, with a quaver in her voice.

"Your mother, I suppose, in those magnificent clothes of hers?"

Mrs. Ketcham broke down under the scathing tone of his voice.

"Well, what of it, Dan? I'm sure he'll have to appoint you instead of that shabby Mr. Mann, who's as poor as a church mouse — "

"Great Scott! and Mann's friends urging

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that we are rich and so don't need the office!"

Addie wept.

"Mann would have got the place long ago if my friends hadn't sworn that I was poorer than he."

She sobbed aloud.

"Now just see! You never explain to me. I wouldn't make a mess of things if you did."

And so Mr. Ketcham determined that the next time he wanted anything he would tell everybody *except* Mrs. Ketcham.

But in the end the Governor, from a variety of motives, appointed D. W. Ketcham.

Fitted by temperament and personality, and goaded by need, the State's Attorney took up the duties of his office with an intelligent enthusiasm that soon wiped out old debts. His wife, inspired by the dignity of her husband's position, permitted herself some new expenditures.

V

MRS. KETCHAM BOLTS THE PARTY



“Of course you’ll run again,” announced Mrs. Ketcham, as the time approached when her husband must declare a candidacy for regular election.

“I’ve never run yet, Addie,” he corrected.

“I was appointed State’s Attorney.”

“Oh, well, you know what I mean.” She wondered at his foolish insistence on accuracy. “Anyway, you’re going to, aren’t you?”

“I may.”

“Why, you’ve *got* to, Dan. Who else could fill the office?”

He smiled as he recalled his brother-lawyers who thought they could, but he was touched, as always, by his wife’s child-like confidence in his ability. It represented her strongest hold on his affection.

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"The new *double* campaign — with primaries and all — is a very expensive thing," he warned.

Mrs. Ketcham flushed as always at the bare mention of expenses and economy. As she understood the situation, the mere fact that she did not have the luxuries possessed by some of her friends constituted an act of regular renunciation on her part. This she always remembered.

"But I'm always willing to economize," she protested.

"For instance?" he ventured, though the subject was equally dreaded by him.

"Well, er —, er —, I mightn't go away this summer," she finished.

Mr. Ketcham pondered. He had not known that his wife contemplated a summer trip. To him, their stay at home was a seasonal and automatic thing, as regulated by his bank account.

"I thought of course we'd go to some nice, pleasant place where we'd keep cool instead of roasting here."

Addie was vexed by her husband's silence. She felt that their increased income made such a plan quite possible. To him it seemed that she could never quite grasp a situation.

Mrs. Ketcham Bolts the Party

With the political parties in his district almost evenly divided he faced a long, hard, intensive, expensive campaign, even after the primaries. And they weren't sure, nor cheap.

"Of course, if you think best, I can stay right here and—and help you." She brightened at the suggestion of her own words.

Mr. Ketcham acquiesced rather mechanically, but it was from this moment that his wife felt herself pledged to his particular interests even unto the neglect of her own.

The wise woman, the family friend, had said that every wife could help her husband if she would only understand.

A few days later Mr. Ketcham made formal tender of his candidacy.

Mrs. Ketcham gave a deep, deep sigh, closing the little book she had found in her husband's pocket.

"Dan," she murmured confidentially, "I don't believe it's a good idea for me to read this book."

"What book?" abstractedly, continuing to open and read letters.

"Why, this *National Conventions and Platforms*. You see, Dan, I am afraid that

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my political convictions are not real firm, you know."

Mr. Ketcham elevated eyebrows.

"I seem to wobble and not to be sure of my own views. Now, if you would instruct me every morning instead of reading the newspaper, and — "

"Great Scott! Addie, you surely don't want me to stop reading the paper!"

"Of course not! at least not altogether — but reading it at the breakfast table makes you — well — really, Dan, it makes you almost gobble your food. And then breakfast is supposed to be sacred to the family, and —"

"Yes," he interrupted, "and the observance of this sacred family obligation would make me late at my office every morning and result in having me classed as a dolt by my associates, because I failed to keep abreast of the times. I recommend that book to you, Addie; it will supply my deficiencies as a teacher."

"But, Dan!" she countered excitedly, "you don't want me to desert your political faith, do you?"

"I don't think it matters," he returned, dryly.

Mrs. Ketcham Bolts the Party

"*Well*," said his wife, desperately, "I try to reflect your views as nearly as I can, because you say that women are supposed, or rather known, to be mere echoes of their husbands."

"And that's very true." Ketcham paused in the act of putting on his hat and closing the door. "If you *must* talk politics, Addie, perhaps you had better be orthodox."

"I felt that myself last night," she answered eagerly, "and yet I was really afraid that I made Mr. Boss suspicious of you."

"How was that?" he demanded, forgetting to close the door. "What now?"

"Well, you see, I had been reading *Platforms* all afternoon and was, you might say, thoroughly saturated with all kinds of new doctrines. And some of them are really so beautiful — I mean so plausible, of course," she added, her eyes falling before her husband's stern look, "that I must have been led into expressing just too much admiration for them."

"How did Boss take it?" asked Ketcham, still worried.

"Now, Dan, don't look like that!" she pleaded. "Of course I know that these ideas are all visionary, because you've often said

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so, but I forgot that till Mr. Boss inquired if my husband entertained the same chaotic — yes, *chaotic* — views that I did.”

“And you told him that he did, I suppose,” said the husband, with icy despair.

“Indeed, I did not!” retorted his wife, with magnificent disdain.

Mr. Ketcham looked slightly relieved.

“I told him he’d better ask you himself what your views were; that you were thoroughly *progressive*; and that if you really became convinced that you ought to change your party, that — ”

“Thunder and lightning, Addie! I suppose I’ve got to put in the whole morning with Boss now, trying to convince him I’m regular enough to go on the ticket.”

Mr. Ketcham grimaced wholeheartedly, crammed down his hat, took the home steps three at a time, and tore madly up the street to the office of Mr. Boss.

VI

DRY VOTES, AND ADDIE



WHILE Mrs. Ketcham dreamed dreams of herself as a lodestar in the firmament of her husband's political fortunes, Mr. Ketcham was putting in hard work on his campaign.

The Boss incident, which proved some less annoying than he and his friends had feared, was no sooner smoothed out and disposed of than they found themselves grappling with a graver situation.

Prohibition had begun to make its dreary if non-bleary inroads, threatening with flat extinction every office-seeker who refused to make his race on its clear-cut platform, regardless of all other issues. But whiskey still had votes to cast.

The way of the candidate was hard. He needed a cool head, a nice judgment, a wise tongue. Also, he needed votes. One must log-roll, teeter.

Every Politician and His Wife

Suffering from the strain of many conferences with friends and possible supporters, Mr. Ketcham reached home late one night, for a cold supper and a warm welcome.

"You know, Dan, you have often said that I could be useful to you," began Mrs. Ketcham, happily.

"I don't think I have lately," grunted the State's Attorney.

"Well, perhaps *not* lately," admitted his wife, doubtfully. "You seem to think now that I lack judgment. I'm just the same, if you are different, but I recognize that at times I *must* try you."

"At times," he admitted, with decent frankness.

"But I really think that you don't appreciate my efforts, or that you avail yourself properly of my real talent for political — intrigue," she went on more bravely, pride kindling.

"Well, you see, Addie," came back Ketcham, elaborately, "having discovered that women are without intelligence — "

"Dan!"

"And that in fact they are immune to that particular — "

Dry Votes, and Addie

"Sir!" again exclaimed his wife, with a reddening face.

"I have decided not to accept your services in *materia politica*," finished Mr. Ketcham.

"Well!" ejaculated Addie, in a breathless kind of way, and as surprised as if her husband had enunciated a never-used doctrine. "If I had a spark of spirit I would resent your ingratitude.

"Don't," he said, calmly breaking bread, "everybody's ungrateful."

"And you are unjust." Her temper kindled. "You blame me for everything —"

"Not *everything*," he interrupted.

"For instance, I don't blame you for Jone's attack on me in this evening's paper," Ketcham continued, in a superlatively kind tone, and taking a journal from his pocket, he crumpled it in his hand.

"Jones' attack?" she echoed feebly.

"Yes, *Jones' attack*. And if you hadn't gone to that card party last night I might have, Addie."

"But I didn't go, Dan," she whispered.

"*Didn't go?*" Ketcham shoved his chair grindingly from the table.

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"No. I stayed at home and saw Mr. Jones."

Ketcham gazed at her, speechless.

"Certainly, it was a little sacrifice to give up the card party, but I am always willing — as you know, Dan — to sacrifice my pleasure to your interest."

A cloud began to gather on Mr. Ketcham's brow.

"Of course I knew you wouldn't appreciate it, but when his card was brought in, although I was all ready to go, I made up my mind to *work on him*," explained Mrs. Ketcham.

The cloud on Mr. Ketcham's brow waxed blacker.

"If *he* is saying anything against you in the paper, Dan, I'm sure it wasn't my fault, for I was just as nice to him as I could be," his wife resumed in a confident tone.

"For heaven's sake, Addie, what did you do, what did you say?" Her husband showed real anxiety.

"No matter what it was, Dan," said Mrs. Ketcham, with a pout, "you will say it was wrong when I may have saved you from something worse, or —"

Dry Votes, and Addie

"Great Cæsar's ghost, Addie! Can't you go on? What is it this time?"

"If you will give me a chance I will, Dan," she was trembling a little. "I was leading up to it this morning, but you were so — so — unsympathetic in your remarks —"

"What happened last evening when that infernal old ass was here?" interrupted Mr. Ketcham unceremoniously.

"Well," hesitating a little, "I am always candid with you, Dan, and I can't remember that I said anything *special*, except that you considered yourself a very particular friend of his."

A gleam of sardonic amusement swept over Mr. Ketcham's features.

"He was quite friendly and polite, though now when I think about it," she went on meditatively, "he *was* rather brusque at the last, and hurried off — I might say, rushed off — when I offered him some of your twenty-year-old whiskey. He seemed tired, and it *was* so hot —"

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Mr. Ketcham beating the air with his clenched fists, "that's you exactly, offer whiskey to the rankest Prohibitionist in the country!"

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Mrs. Ketcham turned pale.

“Here I am,” he called with a wild laugh, striking the newspaper, “by the aid of my awfully smart wife — branded publicly as a secret foe of prohibition, a corruptor of the youth of the town, a drunkard, not fit to associate with the Evil One himself.”

With a menacing look that left Addie quite cold, he cast the paper under the table, and was soon far removed from home.

Surprisingly and nevertheless, he won the primaries.

VII

WOMEN



AD the young wife paused to reflect upon her husband's attitude toward her activities in his political fields, she might have proceeded differently, but she would probably have done just the same, for in all her short life her own dear wishes had been sole guide to action. And upon these had ever waited a doting father and mother.

A benevolent intention seemed to her good justification for little mistakes, and she was by turns irritated or wounded, and always surprised, at her husband's wrath over her mischievous efforts in his behalf.

Yet she loved him — and even at the price of his anger would always serve with a high, blind, and unintelligent devotion.

For several weeks after she proposed their rarest whiskey to the one best Prohibitionist in town, her husband had been in-

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juriously sarcastic in regard to her political scheming.

But she bore all with characteristic sweetness, reinforced by the time-worn idea that no man ever understood a woman's methods and further, that a wife must serve her husband even in spite of himself.

He was therefore in no mood to hear of more political meddling, but his wife never waited on his moods. On a suffocatingly close day, just after the mid-day dinner, a new blow fell upon him.

"Dan," she boasted, "I've learned *the Declaration of Independence!*"

"Ah."

"Yes," she continued, with an important air, "and I have also read the *Constitution* from beginning to end."

"Indeed!" added Mr. Ketcham, with surprise.

"Of course, I have an object in this."

"Of course."

"And I want you to guess what it is." She hitched her chair close to the hammock in which he swung apart.

"Preparing for a civil-service examination?" he suggested.

"Certainly not!" with some asperity.

Women

"Why should I want a government position?"

Ketcham tamped down his pipe with a callous air and finger.

"Guess again," persisted his wife.

"Perhaps," he drawled, with an air of reflection, "you intend to start a club."

"Somebody told you!" cried Mrs. Ketcham, disappointedly. "We had our first meeting today."

"You underrate my discernment, Addie," her husband came back indolently.

"Well, I did think I'd keep you guessing ever so long," regretfully. "But isn't it grand!" she went on, recovering her spirits.

"What?" he asked drowsily, "the *Constitution* or the Club?"

"Oh, to be always talking politics! You don't know, Dan, how I *revel* in politics."

"There are no politics in the *Constitution*," he remarked judiciously.

"We'll soon get away from the *Constitution*," she answered very knowingly.

"I don't doubt it." Then, with the air of a man to whom an idea had suddenly occurred, "Tell you what I'll do, Addie, I'll give you something handsome, that opal ring

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you admire, if you'll promise never to mention politics, ancient or modern, outside the Club."

"How remarkable," exclaimed his wife admiringly, "you seem to read my very thoughts this afternoon before I can even express them. I had that very idea when I organized our Club."

"You see," he went on, warming to his subject, "I understand practical politics generally, and the exigencies and needs of my race for office so much better than you do, that —"

"I know. I've had so little experience." She sighed. "I admit that I don't understand men and that I may lose votes instead of —"

"Exactly!" Ketcham was delighted to find his wife of humble mind. "Now it's perfectly safe for you to discuss George Washington and all those oldsters with a lot of women, and besides," he continued in the tone of a university professor, "it's improving! enlightening! uplifting!"

Mrs. Ketcham regarded him with an embarrassed air as he settled down more comfortably into the hammock and proceeded to light his pipe.

Women

"Don't you think, Dan," she began hesitatingly, "that I might do better with women than with men? Accomplish more, I mean — "

"Unquestionably, and I'm sure, Addie," he replied more kindly, "that you don't want to aid in my *defeat*."

"Indeed I don't, Dan, I'd do anything for you! I'd try to get votes for you even if the whole Club got down on me."

She glanced at him doubtfully. Mr. Ketcham caught the look, and there was a note of anxiety in his voice, though he tried to speak quietly.

"That's an ambiguous remark, Addie."

"Well, I admit, Dan, that the Club got into something of a tangle this afternoon," she offered in a deprecating way.

Mr. Ketcham knitted his brow, ignored his pipe, and waited.

"Mrs. Mossback said that the politicians of today ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with the patriots of 1776. And *that* was just more than I could stand, Dan," she added, gathering courage slightly.

"Uncomplimentary, I admit."

"So I got up and said that no purer patriot than you ever lived on this earth."

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There was hope in Mr. Ketcham's smile as he listened to his wife.

"And then — and then — " she faltered a little, "and then I offered a Resolution." She paused, finding it difficult to go on.

"Well?" he queried, helpfully, trying to smooth the way for her.

"To know how many of the members would — would — " she stammered.

"Go on," said Mr. Ketcham in a strained voice.

"Vote for you if they had a vote," she finished breathlessly.

"Great conscience alive, Addie!" raved Mr. Ketcham, sitting upright in the hammock.

She drew back, startled.

"Just as I thought. This club business is merely a blind to enable you to pursue your mania for meddling in my political affairs!" he declared with ill-concealed rage.

"Why, Dan!" brokenly. "I thought I might influence the voters through their wives."

"A great scheme!" he exclaimed with withering sarcasm. "I am satisfied that no one on earth save you, Addie, could have conceived it!"

Women

“Well, you needn’t worry about it, Dan, it was laid on the table unanimously, so you see they didn’t vote on it after all. And then somebody offered a resolution to adjourn, and that was the end of it, but the next time — ”

“Addie,” said Mr. Ketcham, in a hoarse whisper, “if my name, or my office, or my candidacy is ever again mentioned in this Woman’s Club I shall insist that you never enter it again.”

Mr. Ketcham strode to the strawberry patch, and dug viciously for an hour.

VIII

THE VETERANS



It was about this time the unexpected happened. A suit, tried before he became State's Attorney, was decided by the Superior Court in his client's favor and Mr. Ketcham received a comfortable contingent fee. His wife discovered it would purchase and maintain a first-class automobile, with chauffeur—a machine large enough not only for themselves, but for all doubtful voters to whom its luxury might appeal.

Her husband, however, had in view an altogether different investment. A nice farm would improve his status among the agriculturists, whose vote, as usual, determined the outcome of his race. The simple life would be good for the boy, the farmer pose for him. Fresh interests might divert his wife's attention from the campaign and he himself could pursue the goggle-eyed

The Veterans

perch in neighboring streams; take prizes for fine poultry and maybe other products. On the whole it seemed an opportunity to cultivate the rural vote and make a profitable investment. Conceivably, there was room for both. A suburban trolley line of parts made all things easy.

Mr. Ketcham rushed things through. In fact, the town house was closed and the move to the country made with considerable enthusiasm on the part of the entire family, so that even the wise woman, the family friend, rejoiced that Mrs. Ketcham would now be afforded more legitimate objects for an overflowing energy than lay in her husband's campaign.

But the furniture had hardly been placed and the machinery of the new household started before the tireless young wife re-entered the arena of politics and on the second Saturday spent the day in town for the declared purpose (to herself) of capturing the solid vote of the Veterans for her husband. That evening she sat on the porch of their country home in a state of splendid exhaustion.

"Oh, Dan," she complained as her husband approached the house loaded with

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tackle and carrying a string of fish, "I've been in town all day!" She took a deep breath of the fresh country air.

"By your own choice, wasn't it?" he asked evenly, seating himself on the steps and proceeding to unload.

"Not — not exactly. You see, I felt that it was my duty to go."

"All women consider it a duty to spend money periodically, whether they need anything or not," he remarked, handing his fish to a small black retainer of the household.

"That's just like a man!" she ejaculated, indignant at the imputation.

"Yes," he agreed cheerfully, "it is given to men, Addie, to see things just as they are."

Mrs. Ketcham's fatigue vanished before this charge against her sex.

"Dan!" she cried out, her whole manner expressive of wounded pride, "do you honestly believe that I would spend a hot, dusty day in town if I didn't feel compelled to?"

"You can get some fun out of a trip to town."

"What fun?"

"Well, there's the *matinée*."

The Veterans

"You know very well that I saw everything last winter, Dan."

"And you like soda water," making another guess, "and ice cream."

"Could you possibly imagine that such trivial objects would tempt me to make that tiresome trip?" challenged Mrs. Ketcham, burning with indignation.

Ketcham shrugged his shoulders and busied himself sorting hooks. She regarded him with disdainful eyes for a few minutes and then added stiffly: "I perceive that you managed to enjoy yourself, Dan, while *I* was away."

Mrs. Ketcham spoke like one with a grievance.

"I do the best I can, Addie, even when circumstances are against me," her husband volunteered, hanging his minnow net on a neighboring nail.

"I *couldn't* enjoy myself, Dan, while you were uncomfortable and working hard."

"I'm fortifying myself for some hard campaign work next week, and besides, whenever you take to fishing, Addie, you'll understand," he explained, thinking of the day's sport.

"Never!" she insisted, "I am incapable

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of such selfishness. I couldn't bear to be happy if I knew that you were miserable."

"How could I suppose you miserable while shopping?"

"Shopping, indeed!" said his wife, rocking her chair excitedly. "When I've been struggling all day with those horrid old Veterans!"

"What Veterans?" he asked suddenly, dropping his tangled fish lines.

"Why," she said hesitatingly, a little disturbed by his altered tone, "the Board of Lady Managers — the women who look after the Veterans' reading matter and little comforts, you know — told me that they were the crankiest lot of old fellows in the world, so I thought I'd go out to the Home myself and —"

"Addie," he interrupted in a hard voice, "the Veteran vote is absolutely safe for me, provided," he concluded significantly, "it's not tampered with."

Mrs. Ketcham looked uncomfortable.

"Well," she faltered, "after all the ladies told me I thought it best to investigate conditions out there for myself."

"What did you discover?"

"Just dreadful things, Dan."

The Veterans

Mr. Ketcham frowned.

"They were all playing cards and throwing dice and drinking beer and — and even swearing," she finished, horrorstruck at the bare recollection.

Mr. Ketcham's face cleared.

"They're all right," he admitted cheerfully, "the old fellows always vote the straight ticket unless you stir them up."

"I'm sure I was a *great deal nicer* to the sinful old creatures than I should have been. I introduced myself and asked them to vote for you because — "

"Why in the name of common sense did you do that, Addie?" shouted Ketcham, freshly alarmed, "Don't you know I'm the regular nominee?"

"Oh!" she said, blankly, "I didn't think of that. Well, anyhow, I begged them not to vote for your opponent, because Stringam is really too old to hold office."

Mr. Ketcham gazed at his wife in a stupor of amazement.

"I told them you thought that when a man got so very old he shouldn't even be allowed to vote."

Mr. Ketcham's face was set, his eyes stony, as he listened to his wife's words.

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“And then, Dan,” she finished, “they were almost rude and said they might decide that *you* were too *young* for the responsibilities of the office. So I came away quite cross and unstrung, after reminding them that they had one foot in the grave and ought to be reading the Bible instead of — ”

“By the Eternals, Addie!” howled Mr. Ketcham, recovering from the palsy induced by his wife’s revelations, “one more expedition like this on your part, — and I shall have to stick to the farm!”

IX

THE FRIEND OF LABOR



It cost Mr. Ketcham a week's time, many cigars and the exercise of other persuasive methods to square himself with the old soldiers.

Mrs. Ketcham was puzzled rather than chastened by her experience with them. According to all the laws she worked by and understood, things should have turned out differently. How was it that a virtuous intention not only could go unrewarded but actually recoil disastrously upon the one who entertained it and sacrificed her very comfort to it? Clearly, she must pursue her own way regardless of the verdict of an unrighteous world.

For a time she devoted herself to things rural, instinctively seeking cover after her overwhelming defeat.

Mr. Ketcham noticed the change and felt hopeful for the future; and he agreed with more than usual good humor to her sugges-

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tion to drive in for him one afternoon. It was their habit to use the suburban line, as the drive by motor was long and dusty, but his wife's recent non-interference with his political affairs inclined him to oblige her in all reasonable directions.

"Dan," began Mrs. Ketcham slowly, as her husband stepped into the auto and took his place at her side, "you know how anxious you've been to have the garage painted?"

"It is looking rather shabby, I believe," admitted Mr. Ketcham, unable, however, to recall any special anxiety on the subject.

"Of course, you didn't want to go to any great expense about it?"

"Conscience, no! Addie!"

"Now, Dan, don't feel worried. I had the work done for almost nothing," and Mrs. Ketcham's eyes shone with a woman's pleasure at having made the good bargain.

"Well, hold up for a while," warned her husband, "don't forget that with a political race on his hands a man has very little money for anything else."

"I think about that all the time, Dan," she answered earnestly, speeding up a little as they struck a piece of rough road.

The Friend of Labor

When Mr. Ketcham had recovered from one of the severe jolts which his wife's driving always included at short intervals, he observed with a frown:

"I wish, Addie, that you would learn not to do that."

"Very well, Dan," she said airily, "if you think you can drive better, just take the wheel."

Mr. Ketcham did not like to drive, so he changed the subject.

"What did you pay for the work?" he asked.

"A dollar and a dinner," was her triumphant answer, "and — and a fight."

Ketcham laughed.

"Did you have to fight to make him agree to such wages, or did the fight follow the dinner?" he queried with an attempt at humor.

"No," she stated seriously, "he fixed his own price and I had the fight with another man for employing him."

Mr. Ketcham dodged from a cloud of dust headed his way and awaited his wife's explanation with some curiosity.

"Well, you see," she began, speaking carefully, "the man came and asked for the

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work and we agreed upon the terms, and he started right in."

Mrs. Ketcham reached for the clutch and Mr. Ketcham braced himself for the inevitable jerk.

"He had been working only a short time when another man came and said that I must not allow the fellow to finish the job."

Mr. Ketcham took off his Panama and mopped his head with his handkerchief.

"I never was so indignant in my life," said Mrs. Ketcham.

"For Heaven's sake Addie, stick to one speed or I'll get out!"

Mrs. Ketcham yielded to the threat and resumed her story.

"I asked him how he dared make such a demand, and how he came to imagine that he could control my affairs." She spoke warmly. "And then he coolly inquired how much I was paying the painter, and when I told him, he looked so disgusted and scornful that I was tempted to order him off the place."

Mr. Ketcham began to show signs of uneasiness; with prophetic eyes he saw trouble ahead.

The Friend of Labor

"Then," continued Mrs. Ketcham, at last beginning to enjoy the part she had played in the struggle, "he said that a fair price for such a piece of work was five dollars, so I promptly told him that I was not employing him and never would if he expected any such exorbitant wages."

Mr. Ketcham shook the dust from the lap-robe.

"I wish, Dan, that you could have seen the grandiloquent air with which he said: 'Madam, I assume that you are unaware of my name and calling.' " And Mrs. Ketcham giggled gaily at the recollection.

"You might at any rate have been decent to the fellow," muttered her husband, with the caution of a candidate for office.

"Decent!" echoed his wife in an offended tone.

"Well, well, Addie, what next?" he urged, gnawing his mustache with impatience.

Mrs. Ketcham prepared for a final spurt down the roadway.

"Oh, yes, when I told him that I had no curiosity to know either his name or his calling, he replied with *such* a bow, Dan," — and Mrs. Ketcham laughed aloud — "that

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he was the representative of the Painters' Union."

Mr. Ketcham bounded from his seat with such impetuosity that he nearly fell from the machine.

"Heavens, Dan! do be quiet or you'll make me ditch the car."

Mr. Ketcham clutched the side of the machine. "Addie!" he cried desperately, "that was the Walking Delegate of the Painters' Union, and your man was evidently a scab."

"Oh, yes, he called him a scab. But I said that I cared nothing about the Union or its Representative — and that you didn't either — and that the scab should finish painting my garage if I had to call in the police to protect him while he did it."

Mr. Ketcham collapsed with a groan. His wife had scored, once more.

X

RURAL CONSTITUENTS CULTIVATED



DAN," his wife began one hot day, fanning herself with her sunbonnet while she studied her husband's drawing for an addition to the farmhouse, "when *will* you begin to build?"

"Never!" Her husband spoke from behind a Farmer's Bulletin.

"Good heavens! You surely don't expect me to spend another summer here without more room, do you?"

Mr. Ketcham laid aside his Bulletin, carefully selected a different one, and resumed his reading without replying to her question.

Mrs. Ketcham's indignation grew as she watched.

"Really, Dan," she reproved icily, her voice vibrating with resentment, "am I to interpret your silence as a refusal to make any explanation of this extraordinary change of plan?"

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"You wouldn't like the explanation after it was made, Addie, and I don't know of any special 'change of plan.' "

He continued to read.

"Which means, of course, that the explanation involves some criticism of me."

Mr. Ketcham read on.

"Well, Dan," Mrs. Ketcham cried at last, so offended that her voice trembled, "you wouldn't treat me with such scant courtesy if I were one of your *constituents*."

"My constituents are more careful of my interests than you are, Addie."

"Mercy, Dan!" she actually stuttered with surprise, "how can you say that, after all I've done this summer to make you — well, solid with the country voters!"

Mrs. Ketcham paused. Mr. Ketcham read with an obliviousness that thoroughly aroused her.

"Look at this hideous dress," her voice thrilling with indignation, "and this check apron, and this sunbonnet that I've worn to impress the farmers' wives and daughters!"

Mrs. Ketcham's voice broke with the pathos of her sacrifice. Mr. Ketcham preserved a Sphinx-like silence.

"Don't I churn publicly under the big tree

Rural Constituents Cultivated

in the back yard every morning just to show that I respect *labor*, and didn't we put the hennerly right next to the public road so that everybody could see that I wasn't too proud to feed the chickens?"

The climax found Mrs. Ketcham breathless and Mr. Ketcham still unprovoked to speech.

"If you can deny all this, Dan," she finished, with a majesty of brow becoming Caesar's housewife, "I haven't another word to say."

"Good!"

Mr. Ketcham rose and took several turns up and down the shady porch.

"Addie," he resumed, finally, as one who reluctantly yields to pressure and performs the disagreeable, "what did you say to the leading dairyman of the county yesterday? Remember?" He paused in his promenade to peer intently at his wife.

Mrs. Ketcham was suddenly limp.

"I see, Addie," resuming his walk, "that you can recall as distinctly as I do your statement to that dairyman that you considered it unrefined, even vulgar, to sell milk."

Mrs. Ketcham hung her head.

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"Well, Addie," he persevered, with a district attorney's manner, "what did you say the day before to Mr. Poulterer?"

Mrs. Ketcham drooped unnerved among the Farmer's Bulletins.

"Now, Dan," she confessed with an effort, "the very moment I told him that I didn't see how anybody could eat the kind of chickens he raises, I saw that I had made a mistake," and Mrs. Ketcham brightened a little with the confession.

"*Indeed!*" exclaimed her husband, with a sarcastic intonation that made her subside again.

"Perhaps you understand now, Addie, why I have abandoned all idea of our summering on this farm," and Mr. Ketcham, with the calm of desperation, filled his pipe and lighted it, while Mrs. Ketcham reflected sorely upon her many vain sacrifices to the prejudices of country voters.

XI

MRS. KETCHAM TACKLES THE ENEMY



MRS. KETCHAM entered her husband's office, threw her parasol recklessly on the table and dropped into a chair.

Mr. Ketcham lurched forward in an effort to save his inkstand.

"Oh, Dan!" she exclaimed, remorsefully, reaching for the offending parasol and thereby knocking off a pile of letters, "I know I'm in the way and that you're busy and would rather not have me come to your office, but I *must* tell you about my picnic."

Impatiently he looked at his watch. "I have a joint discussion in the country to-night, and I've barely time to finish this work before —"

"Very well, I won't keep you a minute. I just want to tell you that I'll never attend a Sunday School picnic again!"

Mrs. Ketcham spoke as if the foundations

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of the earth could be shaken sooner than her decision.

"Really, Addie," began her husband again, with disagreeable emphasis, "you must go or — "

"Dan!" she broke in unceremoniously, "that horrid man who's running against you was there, — that Stringam."

"The thunder he was!" exclaimed her husband in displeased surprise.

"Worse yet, Dan, when they spread the lunch he ate every piece of my fried chicken!" Mrs. Ketcham plainly felt that fate had played her a scurvy trick.

"I didn't dream he'd go to a meeting of women and children," remarked Mr. Ketcham, passing over his wife's grievance and trying to fathom his opponent's motive for attending a church picnic.

"Why, they actually asked him to speak."

Mr. Ketcham started.

"Yes, Dan, but you don't know all, yet. The man had the audacity to insinuate that you were homely."

Mr. Ketcham's calm vanished before his wife's revelation. "Confound him!" he muttered, rising from his chair with a threatening air.

Mrs. Ketcham Tackles the Enemy

"But you had a defender, Dan." Mrs. Ketcham's face flushed, while a trace of timidity crept into her voice.

Mr. Ketcham looked at her with amazed interest. What now? Mrs. Ketcham caught her breath and began to speak rapidly.

"I know it's not usual for a woman to make a public speech except by invitation." She paused.

"No."

"Nor quite the proper thing, perhaps, according to your ideas, Dan." She spoke deprecatingly.

"No," he agreed again.

"But it was only a kind of church sociable, and my blood boiled to hear that fellow make fun of your looks," she proceeded defiantly, roused by the recollection.

Mr. Ketcham waited in horrid suspense.

"So I just got up, myself, Dan, and told him that I was willing to leave it to the women present if you were not a handsomer man than he!"

Mr. Ketcham received this announcement with a look that his wife tried to meet without flinching.

"Everybody laughed and cheered when

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I spoke, Dan, so you needn't look as if I had done something terrible."

An expression of relief appeared on Ketcham's face.

"You placed yourself in an undignified attitude, Addie, but if that's all that occurred, the voting part of the community may not remember it against me. Are you sure that you have told me everything?"

Mrs. Ketcham looked down, prodded her shoes with the parasol, and then, with a sudden rush of anger, retorted hotly:

"When you make a political speech, Dan, you always tell me you 'eat up' your opponent, or that you 'skin him alive,' or that you 'peel the hide off him;' and I remembered that and just pitched into him."

"Great guns!"

"I told him he was a great sneak to go out there and speak without letting you know, and that he was very rude and ungentlemanly to make personal remarks about you behind your back, and that, *for my part*, I never intended to visit his wife again or any of the people who would stay there and listen to him, and that he could either leave the premises or I would — "

"Stop, Addie, for Heaven's sake!"

Mrs. Ketcham Tackles the Enemy

groaned her distracted husband, and without the ceremony of saying good-bye he fled to the railroad station, where he met the grinning and triumphant Stringam.

Mrs. Ketcham relieved her overstrained feelings by reducing her husband's chaotic desk and table to womanly order, and then went home to ponder sadly upon the many snares and pitfalls awaiting the seeker of political honors, and his wife.

When the wise woman who was the family friend stepped from a late train that same day for a week-end visit, she found the young wife tearful and overflowing with current events.

"I don't know why, but nothing I do for Dan seems to turn out quite as I expect," she grieved.

When the old friend suggested consultation and cooperation with her husband, Mrs. Ketcham rejected the idea almost fiercely.

"If you only knew what Dan thinks about women! He'd never let me do a single thing if I told him about it beforehand."

When the wise woman hinted that such a limitation might prove more satisfactory to both in the end, Mrs. Ketcham became hys-

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terically determined to help her husband in spite of himself; and wound up with some confusing arguments about sacrificing herself to serve him — though he should fail to appreciate her efforts and even if these turned out queerly. When the wise woman went away, her heart was full of sympathy and fear for her young friends; she felt that her advice, like the scriptural seed, had fallen on meagre soil.

She was right. Not a single rootlet came from the entire sowing. On the contrary, Mrs. Ketcham was stirred to fresh endeavor. She would yet prove that she could be an *influence* in her husband's life.

XII

SHE MAKES A TRADE



RS. KETCHAM pondered by what master-stroke she could convert her husband's distrust into acknowledged, open admiration. She felt herself too fine for mere draft work, and yet was beginning to realize that she must prove her claim to rank a thoroughbred.

It was all very well to be domestic; that rôle suited and satisfied the ordinary woman. Hers should be the bigger part. With caution and secrecy she worked out a plan, and in less than a week after the wise woman's visit she presented it for her husband's consideration and applause.

"Dan, are you *thoroughly* satisfied with your present office?"

"Moderately," without enthusiasm.

"It's a good place, isn't it?"

"I'm not complaining."

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"But I thought there was a great deal of hard work in it," insisted his wife.

"There is, but I can relieve myself of that whenever I choose."

"Well, why don't you?" she demanded with energy.

"Will you write my resignation?" asked Mr. Ketcham with unveiled sarcasm.

"Certainly!" she exclaimed, with an alacrity that irritatingly aroused her husband.

"Upon my word, Addie, you surely don't want me to give up the office, do you?"

"Why not, dear?" she inquired soothingly.

Mr. Ketcham doubted his hearing.

"Choose some other subject for jesting, Addie."

"But, Dan," proclaimed his wife with a sympathy that jarred his nerves, "you say every day that the work is killing you!"

"It's a death that's at least disconcerting to my political enemies," he remarked calmly.

"But, Dan," she hurried on, "why do you cling to a thing that exhausts you? Why not try for a better and easier place?"

Mr. Ketcham regarded her as though he feared to trust himself to speak.

She Makes a Trade

"I have already announced that I wish to succeed myself," he finally explained.

"Of course I understand that! but there are other ways of securing office, I believe." Mrs. Ketcham was being misunderstood, even misrepresented.

"Yes, by appointment."

"The very thing, Dan!" almost clapping her hands. "Get an office by appointment!"

"By *whose appointment?*" queried Ketcham with chilling inflection.

Mrs. Ketcham looked embarrassed.

"The President, or — or the Governor," she finally stammered.

Mr. Ketcham regarded her fixedly for a moment, and then spoke slowly.

"Do you think of trying your influence with either?"

"Oh, Dan!" she exclaimed fervently, "do you really think that I could induce either one of them to give you a nice, easy — position?"

Mr. Ketcham was becoming restless.

"If there were a single office on the political horizon, Addie, I should feel alarmed." He walked around the room and kicked a footstool out of his way.

"Is it so unusual for a woman to get

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things for her husband?" she asked, nettled by the remark.

"I can't imagine anything more unwise, I might even say absurd, than a woman suing the Governor to appoint her husband to a position that he doesn't want."

Mr. Ketcham watched his wife narrowly as he announced this opinion. Mrs. Ketcham fidgeted under his scrutiny.

"You are so peculiar, Dan. You won't push yourself, and I feel it my duty to risk even your anger — "

"Addie!" he interrupted, a vague fear taking possession of him.

"Yes, Dan," she went on firmly, "I realize that you don't always approve or endorse my methods, but," with heightened color, "whenever I see your advancement plainly ahead I do not hesitate — I act!"

"Well, Addie," with an uneasy laugh, "I'm glad there's nothing in view just now to excite your benevolent but dangerous activities."

"Is it possible, Dan," she answered excitedly, "that you have overlooked the University Regency? A new member is to be appointed to the Board immediately."

Mr. Ketcham became rigid.

She Makes a Trade

"I promised to support Blather for that place, and you know it, Addie. Is it possible that my honor — "

"Your honor is quite safe in my hands," she returned loftily, while wisdom gazed down at folly.

Mr. Ketcham breathed again.

"That's better. I've already spoken to the Governor for Blather."

"But, Dan," she persisted, "if the Governor himself should tender it to you — "

"He can't, he's promised it to Blather, and if he hadn't I couldn't in good faith accept it — and I wouldn't."

"But if Blather should get out of the way — "

"He won't," replied her husband in the same provokingly cool tones, "and furthermore, you couldn't *give* it to me."

"You couldn't *refuse* it, Dan," his wife stated confidently, "you've told me that it's one of the most honorable positions in the State."

"You're wasting words, Addie." Mr. Ketcham looked around for a newspaper.

"Dan!" Mrs. Ketcham exulted, in a voice that instantly riveted her husband's atten-

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tion, "*I, a woman*, have made it possible for you to secure this splendid place."

Mr. Ketcham felt his blood grow cold.

"*You*," continued his wife, speaking rapidly, "will give Blather your office, the Governor will make *you* Regent. I have seen both — both consent. All that remains is your acquiescence." And Mrs. Ketcham drew herself up to her full height, in imagination already the Regent's wife.

For an instant Mr. Ketcham looked dazed; then a ghastly smile lighted his countenance.

"A beautiful idea, Addie," the smile gradually expanding into a pale grin, "but is it practicable?"

"Why not?" she responded defiantly.

"Well," he pronounced distinctly, "my office brings in money; the office of Regent brings glory — pure glory! and not one cent."

Mr. Ketcham picked up his hat and started out to avert threatened destruction, while Mrs. Ketcham fell into a condition of feeble but prolonged incoherency.

XIII

“PRACTICAL” POLITICS



R. KETCHAM groaned in spirit. His wife's meddling was costing him hard work and hard money. Without premeditation she embarrassed him; deliberate interference involved him usually in difficulties. Remonstrance seemed only to disturb their personal relations and his harshness could not continue in the face of actual grief over her failures.

Neither could understand the other's point of view. She was so sure of her mission; he, so certain that she had mistaken it. After some anxious thought on the question he determined to treat her interferences lightly but with no sympathy and, if possible, without excess of bile.

Meanwhile a faint light was beginning to appear on Mrs. Ketcham's mental horizon,

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which a psychologist would have realized as the dawn of reflection. After all, it seemed possible for a woman's intentions to be all right and what she did all wrong. Perhaps it would be wiser to consider results before starting on anything. These gleams of common sense, however, did not mean that Mrs. Ketcham became the less busy with schemes for her husband's advancement.

Au contraire, she now paused in her ruminations, looked hastily at her watch and hurried off to a big political barbecue at which her husband and other office-seekers were to speak. There, mercifully, her time was chiefly spent on social things.

As the campaign work was growing heavier with the approach of the election, it was not until the following evening that Mrs. Ketcham had an opportunity to really talk with her husband.

"Dan, I never supposed that *I* could get tired of politics, but I'm really sick of this campaign."

Mr. Ketcham made no reply. He was preparing to attend that night's political meeting, at which he was to figure as a speaker.

"It makes us say and do so many objectionable things," she grieved.

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But her husband was absorbed in trying to decide the delicate question of what style collar would make the best impression on his audience.

“Now for one thing, Dan,” continued Mrs. Ketcham, “I saw you drink out of the pitcher the other day — and then condone it upon the ground that such an act would appeal to the plain people.”

“Which is the more suitable, Addie?” He held up a red tie, and a black one.

“There it is again, Dan!” she exulted at this speedy confirmation of her charge. “A year ago you would have *scorned* to consult anyone’s taste but your own. Now you truckle to everybody’s.”

Mr. Ketcham turned a dull ear to his wife’s complaints.

“You’ve even stopped parting your hair in the middle, and if the Germans are out in force tonight I shouldn’t be surprised to hear that you had taken to drinking beer — much as you hate it.”

Mr. Ketcham carefully sorted his notes, while his wife in reminiscent mood talked on.

“See how I tortured myself yesterday going to that barbecue in an old, bumpy

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farm wagon, just to show that I despised the luxury of my own nice little auto."

"You're talking heresy."

"I can't help it, Dan. I am so tired of it all. I thought at first that I would enjoy doing little things to help you along in your race, and that it was a fine thing for you to be in politics. But I've changed my mind."

"Then just keep out of it," advised her husband.

"But I'm miserable because I feel you really need me!"

Mr. Ketcham whistled and gave her a look of much significance. She flew to arms at once.

"Why, only yesterday I had to take up for you, Dan!" The color flamed in her face.

Mr. Ketcham paused in his occupation of making notes on his shirt cuff.

"A man sitting just behind me while you were speaking said: 'If I couldn't beat that speech, I'd quit.'"

Mr. Ketcham forced an embarrassed laugh.

"I was so indignant that I was obliged to say to the woman next to me, although

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I had no idea who she was: ‘Well! Mr. Ketcham may not be the best speaker in the world, but he’s *lovely* compared with that stupid fellow who just got through.’ ” Mrs. Ketcham ended with a defiant look at her husband.

An anxious expression appeared on Mr. Ketcham’s face.

“But oh, Dan,” his wife continued dismally, “it turned out that I was talking to the man’s wife — the man who spoke just before you did!” And Mrs. Ketcham looked to her husband for sympathy to which she felt entitled under all the circumstances. Mr. Ketcham’s face, however, expressed all but sympathy.

“Then there was a general stir,” his wife hurried along, taking refuge as usual in speech, “and I was so incensed that I remarked on the bad taste of bringing crying babies and noisy children to such a place. And several women acted as if they were mad, and changed their seats, and —”

“Do you mean to tell me, Addie, that all that damnatory commotion during my speech — which absolutely ruined the effect of it — was due to *your* indiscretion?”

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Mr. Ketcham's tone and air were too much for his wife's afflicted mood.

"Please go, Dan," she cried in a heart-broken voice, "I won't even attend the speaking tonight. I'll stay at home," removing her hat — "although you know how I enjoy going and how much good my presence there — "

Mr. Ketcham, taking her at her word, gathered his effects together and fled the house with feverish haste.

XIV

STRAINED SINEWS OF WAR



RS. KETCHAM'S mind was made up. She would write a political catechism for women and call it: *What Women Should Know About Politics.*

"Dan, how do you like that?" She read him her title with great satisfaction.

"Well," he answered reflectively, "why not entitle it *What Women Don't Know About Politics?*"

"Perhaps it *would* be better," taking him literally.

Mr. Ketcham smiled.

"You see," Addie confided, "women are so — well — impulsive! and my idea is that a little Manual like this will enable them to get along better."

And Mrs. Ketcham cast a quick yet kindly backward glance at a few of her own mistakes.

"It will be a great work!" she continued with enthusiasm.

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"Have you considered the tremendous labor involved?"

"Yes," she replied with a seriousness matching his own, "but you know very well, Dan, I never count the cost in a noble cause."

Mrs. Ketcham now had a far-away look in her eyes which seemed to indicate that earthy and selfish considerations were not of her.

"Now, there's one statement that wives of politicians should never make." She feverishly sharpened a pencil. "And this is—that they object to their husbands running for office."

"But suppose they do?"

"No, it's unnatural; they're insincere when they say it."

"Every woman hasn't your taste for politics, Addie," he argued.

"Most of them have and won't own it?"

"That's mere theory: who in a world of men can ever fathom the thoughts in a woman's mind, if any?" rejoined her husband, becoming abstract in his turn.

"I can! I know just how she feels about everything! She can't deceive me!" And Mrs. Ketcham's tone suggested that on this

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particular subject she could not be contradicted.

"Why," she resumed, after a pause, of which Mr. Ketcham had failed to avail himself to challenge her opinion, "I know a woman who asks her butcher and her milkman to vote for her husband — and then declares that she is bitterly opposed to having him in politics!"

Mr. Ketcham received this statement with no apparent shock.

"I know positively that she complained of the ash man, because her cook overheard him say that he intended to vote for her husband's opponent."

"Well, well!" said Ketcham, "and I suppose you'd do that much for me?"

"Of course, and I shouldn't claim at the same time that I wanted you defeated, either! Why, only yesterday I passed that woman's house and saw her hanging out of the window talking to a roof fitter — and I'm perfectly sure she was asking him how his Union intended to vote."

Mr. Ketcham chuckled softly at the inconsistency of woman.

"She's the first person to whom I shall send a copy of my little — little Manual,"

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she added, seizing the pad on which the title was written in very bold characters.

"She appears to be its inspiration," remarked her husband.

Mrs. Ketcham blushed.

"I don't mind telling you, Dan, that she is, and that our relations are a trifle strained."

"That's not surprising, considering your opposite views."

"Of course, it's uncivilized to quarrel and I never have words with anybody, but she knows from my manner that I regard her as a great *humbug*."

"Don't get up any new antagonisms on the eve of the election, Addie," warned her husband.

"I thought of that, and tried to avoid anything like real feeling between us, but she is such a hypocrite and I just can't help letting her see that I know it!" And Mrs. Ketcham's voice trailed off in a piteous sigh.

"It's not your province to reform the world, Addie."

Mrs. Ketcham looked over to where he was gradually receding from view behind a dense smoke-screen, then made a final plea for the defense.

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"I really have exercised *great* self-control, Dan, but if you had to listen to all the pretense of which Mrs. Rich — "

"Mrs. Rich!" almost yelled Mr. Ketcham, emerging from tobacco clouds and towering above his wife like a threatening genie.

Mrs. Ketcham regarded him in dumb consternation.

"Don't you know that Mr. Rich has agreed to indorse my note at the bank," he asked hoarsely, "and that I can't run for this office without borrowing money?"

"Surely, Dan," she retaliated in proud amazement, "your standing is such that you don't have to beg — "

"Beg! Perhaps you think it's easy to ask a fellow to stand good for you for thousands of dollars — I don't!" Mr. Ketcham tore up and down the room.

As the enormity of her offense dawned upon her, Mrs. Ketcham, with bitter tears of renunciation, made the prospective booklet a burnt offering. Not only did Addie resist the temptation to become an authoress, but she suffered an acute reaction against all things political and even pertaining thereto. She was not a soul to suffer alone, someone must share her moods. Her

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husband, being closest to her, was the one she customarily selected.

There must be some explanation (other than her own temperamental or intellectual unfitness, as her husband in his anger generally indicated) for the surprising way in which everything she touched turned out so badly. Her prompt effort to square herself with Mrs. Rich alone proved this. That lady should have been delighted when she rushed enthusiastically to see her the very next day. Instead Mrs. Rich, after keeping her waiting for ten minutes, sent word that she was not in. Nor could she understand that lady's refusal to go to the *matinée* when she got her five minutes later over the 'phone from the house of a neighboring friend.

It surely was not her fault if people refused to be nice when she, herself, was running over with good feeling.

She leaned reflectively against the row of hens' nests, which, at her husband's suggestion, she was refurnishing with straw. To please him she tried sometimes to interest herself in the poultry, though she admitted that her heart was not with them. Yet at that moment — like a flash of inspiration, as she afterward confessed to her husband

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— the explanation for everything came to her. It offered a pad for her vanity and she promptly applied it. People were too self-seeking. No one could thrive where an ulterior motive lay behind each act. She would be true to what was highest and noblest within *her*, and moreover she would win her husband, and their world, to her fair standards. All would go well.

XV

NEW POLICIES



THE next morning she put her newest theory to test. “Dan, don’t you think that people ought to say just what they think?”

“Certainly not!”

“Well, really, I don’t mean that exactly, because, of course, I understand that there are some things we should keep to ourselves — but don’t you think that we ought to be quite true to ourselves and say nothing except what we honestly believe?” She was weighing her words.

“You should be careful not to stultify yourself,” her husband said sententiously.

“I’ve been thinking a great deal lately about my — my — well, lack of success in your affairs,” she progressed, with an air of noble concession.

Mr. Ketcham maintained a generous silence.

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"Now, Dan," she continued, with an increased forensic manner, "I'm satisfied that we have never yet determined the real cause of my mistakes."

Mr. Ketcham did not interrupt her.

"You know that I am not wanting in tact," she remarked.

A faint smile played about her husband's courteous lips.

"So it can't be that," she announced, with a wave of her hand, as if to sweep to the ends of the earth even the possibility.

"And my *mother*," with a touch of pride, "always thought that I was the brightest child in the family — though she never would say so."

Mr. Ketcham harked, but he spoke not.

"There was a time, Dan, when you, too, thought that I was the smartest girl in the world," said Mrs. Ketcham, in mild reproach, "but recently your opinion seems to have been a little shaken, and —"

"Get on to your theory, Addie," interrupted Ketcham, feeling they were reaching dangerous ground.

"Oh, very well — where was I?" After a moment's reflection, she resumed:

"Well, the real reason of my — of my

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failures is that I have stooped to do things from policy alone." Mrs. Ketcham struck a dramatic attitude.

Mr. Ketcham continued dubious.

"Now of course, this leads me into false positions where I can maintain neither myself nor you." Her voice inclined to the semi-tragic.

"So I have made up my mind — firmly — to stand on a higher plane, and to say and do things solely because they are right, because I believe in them." Mrs. Ketcham looked three-fourths of an inch taller.

"Now, Dan, I want your full approval and sympathy for my new policy — resolution, I mean," she added hastily, blushing as she noted her husband's smile at the word policy.

"There's no use making a rule just to break it, is there?" she demanded.

"I suppose not," fenced Ketcham uneasily, never sure of where his wife's arguments would lead him.

"So," she said firmly, "I have decided not to have the Stockmen here for dinner."

Mr. Ketcham stared at her.

"Will you please tell me, Addie," he inquired with freezing politeness, "how we

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can *escape* the Stockmen after having extended them an invitation to dine with us this very night?"

"Cancel it!" she exclaimed, with pious enthusiasm. "Why do we have them, except that we hope to make something out of them? Why degrade ourselves by pretending an interest in hogs and fat beeves and —"

"Ye gods and little fishes!" Ketcham gazed at his wife as if he doubted her sanity. "Don't you know that I have guaranteed to the Committee that those Stockmen will subscribe a thousand dollars to our campaign fund?" and Mr. Ketcham's voice took on a tone that made her shudder.

"Don't let me hear any more of such folly, Addie, or I —" but the door banging behind Mr. Ketcham left her in the dark as to the threatened punishment.

Mrs. Ketcham's gentle egotism was shaken at last. Could it be true, as her husband said, that she lacked "tact"?

Just what exactly was the meaning of tact? She looked for the word in the dictionary and felt quite miserable when she perused the definition.

For the first time in her life, perhaps, she

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viewed herself from the standpoint of a third person — and was troubled at what she saw. How *could* a woman who loved her husband, was proud of him, ambitious for him and willing to serve him, make such a horrid mess of all she did in his interest!

In humiliation of spirit she almost decided to stay at home, look after the boy and devote herself to their small farm interests. But by evening her crushed spirit had so far recovered that she had in mind fresh schemes for invading her husband's particular field. She *must* help him along, though her way be on eggs, tacks, or heated ploughshares.

Luckily all was still at the nebulous stage when the time arrived for her household to be packed up and removed to town.

Mr. Ketcham was out filling speaking dates, and the responsibility of their removal rested with the wife. Not all the *management* in the world could give her leisure for anything else. So she sorted and directed and had things boxed or crated and tagged, and finally shipped or placed in-the hauling wagons. After settling with confusion at the country home she found herself facing chaos in the town residence on the very day

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of the election, the time of all others when she had wanted to be free to *work* for her husband.

Undeterred by what appeared like trifles compared with the paramount interests of her husband, she would howbeit have gone forth to do battle with him but for the fact that the boy had been threatened with croup the night before.


So she remained at home in a state of feverish excitement aggravated by a disconnected telephone, in whose reinstallation an unfeeling corporation had refused to be hurried. Perhaps it was well, Dan thought.

When her wearied husband dragged himself home about one o'clock the next morning she read Victory in his smile and experienced a kind of saddened joy, for she could not quite understand how the day had been won without her.

Mr. Ketcham wisely refrained from speech on the subject. He quietly rejoiced that his popularity had not been tested by his wife's presence at the polls.

XVI

HAPPINESS AND HUNGER

 RELEASED from the strain of her husband's campaign, Mrs. Ketcham now began to expand in new directions.

She drew plans for enlarging the parlor, made lists for a series of dinner-parties, and thought an electric essential to the dignity of her position.

To these blossoms of her imagination, however, Mr. Ketcham proved a killing frost.

"No, Addie," he volunteered, with the firmness of a married man of several years, "we will pay off that Rich note of a thousand dollars, and then I want to buy Jenkins' field, adjoining our pasture on the farm."

"Father thinks I might have a Pierce-Arrow and a chauffeur," she ventured.

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He looked at her significantly. What father and mother thought had been the occasion of several unpleasant mêlées.

"What's the matter with the flivver?"

"It is so cheap and common."

"The flivver is a member of the family, Addie. We'll certainly not throw it over because it happens not to be aristocratic."

Defeated on two points, Mrs. Ketcham made only a feeble presentation of the dinner-party proposition.

"I don't think I should go in for social leadership *just yet*," Dan offered, with an inflection that sounded very like derision to his wife.

"And no new clothes!" he warned, even as she made a last desperate appeal for the cherished parties now threatened by the scrap heap.

"Well, I've got to look nice, if only for you."

For the first time Mr. Ketcham experienced a qualm of conscience.

Ignorant of all the practical things of life, he had felt obliged to instruct her in them for their mutual good. But he felt suddenly that his methods might be too severe. He had almost the feeling that he was striking

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her tender little body and giving her physical pain. They were standing in the hallway of their simple, pleasant home, she ready with his light overcoat which the late-November days made comfortable. The small service was one of many that she loved to render him, and that he had accepted as his right without return or acknowledgment, even in his own mind.

With a rush of tenderness he put his arms about her and kissed her face until the tears ran over and the soft mouth drooped. And she clung to him, realizing intuitively rather than definitely her defects, and humbly offering her love as compensation.

What did he give her to match this devotion? In the light of quickened affection and remorse he saw himself a boasting male creature, full of a sense of his own superiority of mind and judgment, playing the part of a severe taskmaster to a poor young being whose defects were not her own but those of the masculine-made system under which she grew up!

The impression that he owed her more than he was giving remained with him throughout the day. That night he talked seriously and tenderly with her about his

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affairs and their future, and there was no trace of irony, sarcasm or contempt in voice or manner as he spoke of the necessity for economy and self-denial if they would achieve success and independence.

Her response to his appeal was almost pitiful in its eagerness, and when he suggested the theatre she firmly put aside the temptation, with the remark that they must not indulge themselves in such frivolities.

The following day was Sunday and proved to be one of gorgeous Indian summer quality. It was his Sabbath custom to go to his office, look over the mail and talk politics with friends who dropped in. The afternoon he spent reading and napping; sometimes fishing.

When early on this particular day his wife timidly suggested a walk, he surprised her and himself by at once assenting. They went beyond the town limits into the autumn woods, walking sometimes arm-in-arm, now with hands clasped, but always happily conscious of each other.

In the evening he asked her to sing and she went bravely through the half-forgotten songs, secretly resolved to practice every day thereafter.

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She closed her eyes that night happier than she had been since vanished honeymoon days.

Now, on the morning after this psychic reconciliation with his wife, Mr. Ketcham went early to the Court House. The docket was heavy and it meant hard work to clear it by Christmas.

In the press of his affairs it was frequently a trial to return home for the mid-day meal, but recalling his wife's views about regularity in eating, he made the effort this noon, and reached the house with twenty minutes at his disposal. There was no wife at the door, a bare table in the dining room.

Pushing through to the kitchen he found her leaning over the stove struggling with a half-cooked steak.

"It *won't* get done, I can't imagine what's the matter!"

"I've got to be back at the Court House in less than twenty minutes," he stated in a business-like tone, looking at his watch.

"Goodness knows I'm doing the best I can," she flung back through a cloud of greasy smoke.

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“Where’s the cook?”

“She got mad and left.”

“It’s too bad, Addie, you can’t get along better with servants,” escaped in a burst of impatience at the delay the cook’s absence was occasioning.

“Well, I declare! that’s gratitude for you!” and his wife jabbed indignantly at the grimy meat. “When I’m trying to look after things and keep them from being wasted because you want me to be so economical! And just because I asked her how in the world she could use so much butter and lard, and *everything*, for that matter, she chose to get huffy and say I accused her of stealing, and now you come and — ”

“Stop, Addie, for Heaven’s sake! I don’t doubt Bridget was very trying, but I’ve got to get back, you know.”

He stood, watch in hand, helpless in the face of facts.

With a final stab of the big kitchen fork, she brought the steak to rest on a cold platter which she carried hurriedly to the dining room.

Mr. Ketcham looked on restlessly while she set the table and until it was discovered that no bread had been ordered — that the

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potatoes with which she hoped to save the situation were possibly half-done. Man-like, Dan departed.


When Mrs. Ketcham saw her husband forced to leave the house without even a mouthful of food, she subsided into wordless but not soundless grief lasting until she aroused herself to the necessity of feeding the boy. She picked distressfully at the hardened, unfamiliar looking flesh on the platter, while he dined more substantially on belated bread and delayed potatoes.

When the unpleasing débris had been cleared away, she tidied the child, dressed herself, jumped into her machine and an hour later returned triumphant, with an equally triumphant Bridget.

Following the comfort of a supper combining the substantial with the dainty, and the cooked, Mr. Ketcham asked for the details of the kitchen drama. But the young wife was learning. Her self-education had begun, and Mr. Ketcham received only the sketchiest account of the treaty under which the cook came back.

XVII

CONGRESSIONAL THOUGHTS

UT to practice a rigid economy was not so simple as it had seemed to the young wife when she discussed it with her husband, though she made commendable progress during the year following his election. Mr. Ketcham placed no limit upon her expenditures, and never failed to impress her with the value and necessity of husbanding their resources.

Now-and-then she fell down lamentably in her efforts to meet his wishes. Occasionally she didn't.

Now one of the most successful methods he used was praise. It flattered her to hear him bragging of her few economies, and a tightening of the domestic rein was the inevitable result.

Sometimes, alas, there followed a general ruffling of feelings, from conscienceless Bridget to the butcher and the grocer, two

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men whose weights were promptly subjected to fresh tests. Not a crumb should be wasted, at least not many.

By hard work and some luck, Mr. Ketcham was actually making money in his office. Not only did he pay off the Rich paper, but in partnership with a friend was able to arrange a large farming investment in one of the upper counties of the state.

The wise woman, the friend of the family, came occasionally to see the young people. She rejoiced at the new community of interest between them. If she were a trifle bored by the young wife's constant exposition of their economy and her insistent and prideful criticism of other folks' extravagances, she did not show it. She indeed condoned Mrs. Ketcham's lack of charity in deriding her neighbors for wearing new spring hats and new winter suits instead of those of last season, since it seemed to save her young friend from similar economic sins; although she did not consider it a downright wholesome proposition to mark the development of one's own virtues by comparison with other people's hats.

Mr. Ketcham's prosperity was so far increased by his wife's sympathy and interest

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in his plans that he began to permit himself a cautious consideration of other and higher political honors for himself. When he casually suggested that he might run for Congress, the effect on her was the same as if he had presented her with a Certificate of Election to the office.

In a flash she saw him seated in the highest tribunal of the country, a commanding figure, the while she sparkled finely in the social things of Washington.

"You can't afford to be a 'hostess' in Washington," he warned.

"That's all right," she answered knowingly, "I'm quite willing to go there just as your wife."

So it was sweetly settled that he should announce for the office so soon as he could be reasonably sure of the necessary support. The campaign would be long, arduous and hazardous, but his youth and energy made of such considerations mere trifles.

His wife would save his money; he would expend judiciously. He would campaign; she would stay in the house. Result? Triumphant entry among national politics.

Into this prospectus Mrs. Ketcham injected certain colorful additions which she

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carefully concealed from masculine inspection.

In the fulness of time, she argued, her husband would know all. He always did.

When the wise woman invited Mrs. Ketcham to lunch with her at the Country Club soon after Mr. Ketcham had decided to run for Congress, she accepted with alacrity. It had become a rare occurrence for her to go to the Club. Because of the expense she and Mr. Ketcham had withdrawn from membership. Spending the afternoon there, formerly a bore, was now a pleasure.

The sunshine was bright, the air balmy, her old friend a listener. They had a long walk over the golf links and the luncheon was satisfying. But nevertheless she returned home jaded in spirit and pessimistic of mood.

"I used to think, Dan, that Mr. Trutell was a friend of yours," said Mrs. Ketcham.

"He is," responded Mr. Ketcham, apathetically.

"Well, you wouldn't think so if you'd heard him talk this afternoon out at the golf links."

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Mr. Ketcham opened the evening paper and buried himself in its contents.

"Really, Dan, it's too bad that I can't claim your attention for only five minutes out of the whole day without being snubbed."

"Go on, I'm listening." Mr. Ketcham continued to read.

"I shan't say another word until you lay down that paper, Dan!" she announced with more than usual emphasis.

"All right," said Ketcham absent-mindedly, deep in a political speech.

"I declare," murmured the wife, half crying, "since you went into politics your manners here are — are indescribable."

No answer.

"But you must hear this whether you want to or not!" she exclaimed with sudden energy, laying a confiscating hand on her husband's paper.

Mr. Ketcham capitulated.

"Be quick, Addie," he urged, yielding the newspaper, leaning back in his rocker and closing his eyes.

"Considering that this is a matter that deeply concerns you, your indifference is astonishing. I just don't believe I'll tell you!"

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"All right, Addie, if you're not going to tell it — " chuckled Mr. Ketcham, reaching out for his paper.

But Mrs. Ketcham pushed the paper much beyond his reach.

"If I were disposed to notice your inconsiderate treatment of me — "

Mr. Ketcham again closed his eyes and lapsed into a condition of semi-attention.

"But I'll ignore it, Dan," she hastened to say, fearful of a revolt on his part, "and tell you how your *friend* Trutell talked about you this afternoon."

Her husband looked at her through glazing eyes.

"I've always liked Mr. Trutell till today, but I'll never trust him again. He's perfectly horrible!" she began.

"He's one of my warmest supporters," remarked Mr. Ketcham blandly, without altering his position.

"I begged him to tell me what he thought of your chances, but he said that I knew more than he did."

"Possibly if not probably. He's been away."

"But I urged him to say what he'd heard."

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"Quite reasonable, after he'd said he'd heard nothing."

"But he had!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, "I pressed him until he admitted that up country he had received some discouraging views of your race."

Mr. Ketcham sat up.

"From whom?"

"Oh, from some of your opponent's supporters — but it wasn't at all nice of him to tell me!"

Mr. Ketcham sank back in his chair with a twinkle in his eye. "By your own account you forced him to."

"I don't care, if he didn't have something pleasant to report he shouldn't have said *anything*."

"Why, you say yourself that you insisted upon it," argued Mr. Ketcham, laughing.

"Well, he didn't have to be disagreeable," she maintained excitedly, resenting her husband's mirth. "I consider him downright ungentlemanly, and I, for one, Dan, will never trust that man again where you are concerned."

Mr. Ketcham began to enjoy himself.

"I suppose, Addie, that you look upon him as the original snake in the grass."

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"I do, indeed."

"In fact, no act of treachery would be too black for him to stoop to," he continued solemnly.

"Exactly, Dan," she responded, so proud to have convinced him.

"Now that you have unearthed this rank, arch enemy," proceeded Ketcham with mock gratitude, "what shall be done with him?"

"Punish him!" promptly. "Don't speak to him again! Let him see that we are not deceived by his pretense of friendship." And the light of enthusiasm shone in her eyes.

"By the way, Addie," concluded Mr. Ketcham, when he had sufficiently recovered from his amusement to speak, "I saw Tru-tell half an hour ago. He's going to manage my campaign."

Mrs. Ketcham, dazed and dumb, gazed at her husband, while Mr. Ketcham cautiously retrieved his journal.

XVIII

FEMALE DIPLOMACY



WITH the approach of warm weather Mrs. Ketcham, the boy, a different Bridget, and the things that accompany families and armies got transferred to the small country home.

Mrs. Ketcham had progressed so far along domestic and practical lines that she now gave her personal superintendence to many small home industries that two summers earlier had no existence in her life.

Under her watchful eye a very fine garden was planted, the henhouses white-washed and strawed, the rabbit hutch mended and other good things accomplished. The boy was granted a freedom that committed him to all kinds of experiences with birds'-nests, hoptoads, mud-holes, wasps and other things entering chiefly into a small boy's world, while his mother freshened the interior of the house and established within both system and order.

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By the end of the week, when Mr. Ketcham arrived home after a spell of speech-making in another part of the district, he felt the harmony of the household, — and kissed his wife with real warmth and gratitude at his own escape from the inevitable confusion of a move. Having achieved the comfort of a bath and fresh clothes, he listened with sleepy content to her recital of the happenings during his absence.

“What about politics?” he delightfully suggested, when domestics halted through lack of material.

“I’ve been to town only once since you left.”

“Well, what did you hear?” he asked again, his own race for Congress in mind.

“Nothing much,” she finally admitted, “but I’ve found out one thing, Dan, and that is that some people carry political prejudices too far!”

Mr. Ketcham looked grim, as he mentally reviewed his latest contest.

“Now, you men are always so extreme,” Addie resumed, as though just meeting a fact. “Of course it’s all right to have your own views, but I can’t understand why you should be continually airing them, or why

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you should be *so* offensive to those who differ from you," said Mrs. Ketcham, the mild fire of charity shining in her eyes.

In the half-light a dogged expression might have been observed just settling down on Mr. Ketcham's face.

"I can't see the necessity for such pronounced partisanship, but of course you don't look at it as I do," she added, in a tone that plainly disclaimed any hope of influencing him on this question.

"But it *would* be so much pleasanter for everybody if you politicians would only cultivate a little kindly feeling for each other." Mrs. Ketcham sighed, as she surveyed the stubbly field of their political shortcomings.

"Why, only the other day when I tried to get a position for Miss Needy these dreadful politics had to come in and spoil everything."

Mr. Ketcham started, turned inquiringly upon his wife.

"Well, well?"

"I knew you wouldn't mind, Dan, so I went down to the campaign headquarters (not ours, though) and asked Mr. Chief to give Miss Needy a place," she explained a little hurriedly, "and you know the very first thing he did was to ask about you."

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Mrs. Ketcham paused significantly and then continued: "So of course, Dan, I promptly told him that you were out making speeches against his party."

Mrs. Ketcham looked and was conscious of having performed a duty under trying circumstances.

Mr. Ketcham uttered something that to his wife's sensitive ears sounded like a grunt, subdued but angry.

"He said he didn't know that you weren't a strict party man, so I just told him that you never did anything by halves, and that you were the most rabid partisan in the country!"

"Why did you tell him that?" gasped her husband in the hoarse voice of a whirlwind campaigner.

"Why?" she echoed with indignant astonishment. "Surely, Dan, you wouldn't have had me conceal our political convictions, or pretend that we had any respect for him or his party!"

Mr. Ketcham assured her, with a foggy chuckle, that such was not his desire.

"I've heard you denounce their hypocrisy and doubledealing so often, that I made up my mind to let him know that we were fully

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aware of all their tricks and scorned to imitate them. He realizes quite well, now, that he wouldn't be holding *any* kind of office if we had our way about it!"

And Mrs. Ketcham set her lips rather proudly as she reviewed her resolute course.

From the lounge came thick laughter.

"I'm sure I don't know why you should be so amused."

"Did he employ Miss Needy?" asked Mr. Ketcham, indistinctly.

"No, he didn't," she heatedly announced, "and it was nothing in the world but party prejudice that made him refuse her the place. Now *I* should have risen above such a weakness, but you men always drag your political differences into everything. It's asking too much, I suppose, to expect you to be reasonable or tolerant."

Mrs. Ketcham's voice was expressive of deepest pity.

"Women are great politicians!" remarked her husband. "They always get results. I congratulate you, Addie, upon the wholly refreshing diplomacy with which you handled the Needy case."

And Mr. Ketcham turned his face to the wall, that he might doze.

XIX

MRS. KETCHAM ALMOST A CANDIDATE



R. KETCHAM'S announcement of his candidacy for Congress had been well received. Every mail brought him assurances of support, in stacks, but as there were other men at least as anxious to go to Congress as he, he resolved to take few chances.

Beginning on the outskirts of his district he worked thoroughly, canvassing all towns and villages as he came to them. So it often fell out that Mrs. Ketcham and the small boy, with whatever Bridget chanced to be in charge of kitchens, were alone in the little home for several days together.

It was during one of these absences that Mrs. Ketcham got in a seamstress and attacked the summer sewing for the family.

So merciless had been her husband's chaffing following her failure to land a "benefice" for Miss Needy that she decided

Mrs. Ketcham Almost a Candidate

to show him that there were fields in which she could, she would, excel.

For Mr. Ketcham was the axis upon which his wife's world turned. What she did or said was eventually referred to him for comment or criticism, usually receiving both. Her thought hovered ever about him, even when her occupation was most feminine. She fashioned her garments with thoughts to please him, though anything she wore suited him — provided it was inexpensive and not too outspokenly ugly.

So her sewing machine whirled merrily, the completed garments piled high on her table and the unopened daily papers heaped up on her husband's desk; the telephone remained unanswered.

All went absorbingly well until the day of his return. That morning the postman brought her a letter. It excited and disturbed her.

When her husband stepped from the car that evening she was not there to meet him. At the house he found her indoors, immersed in pamphlet literature. There were knots on her brow and puckers about her mouth. Doubt and uneasiness lurked in her eyes.

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"Dan," she began, in tones that were hark-from-the-tomb.

"Anything the matter, Addie?" Her husband spoke with unusual affability.

"I am wrestling with the greatest question of the day!"

"Quit it!" he advised cheerfully.

"Impossible!" she cried, like the saint who dreads yet longs for the martyring flames. "It must be settled!"

"Preparedness?" he questioned lightly.

"No," she replied with open contempt.

"The railroads, perhaps?"

"Certainly *not*!" very flatly.

"Prohibition — blue laws — sunless Sabbaths?"

"Never!" contempt deepening into disgust.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as though wondering at his own density, "it must be our Mexican policy."

Mrs. Ketcham looked at him, plainly showing that she considered him unfit for further confidence, but controlling her feelings she answered in a suppressed voice, "No."

"Well, Addie," he continued with conscious good humor, "I'll hit it this time: it's relations between Capital and Labor."

Mrs. Ketcham Almost a Candidate

Mr. Ketcham had a confused impression that his wife held views on this subject.

Mrs. Ketcham's wrath descended upon him.

"It's hard to believe, Dan, that you can bring up these little political issues, and seriously claim that any one of them is 'the greatest question of the day.' "

Mr. Ketcham's spirits appeared to rise under his wife's denunciation. Closing one eye cautiously, he guessed again. "I say, Addie, I hope you haven't been to spirit land, and taken up with that old ghost, free silver?" And Mr. Ketchum made wobbly rings with his cigar smoke.

"Dan," replied his wife with severity, "although your last remark is not the deadly affront it was evidently intended to be — for I respect silver too much to ever speak slightly of it — the subject must be classed with the others as of minor importance."

"Well, Addie, I give it up." Her husband had an open luxury of manner that had not yet dawned upon his wife's beclouded vision.

"No doubt you wonder why I should concern myself with matters of grave import

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instead of being devoted to society and leading the life of a butterfly," she began.

Mrs. Ketcham's brow grew clear as her superiority thus burst upon herself.

"And yet, Addie," said Ketcham expansively, "a butterfly has privileges."

"Is it possible, Dan," in shocked surprise, "that you believe in special privileges?"

"Certainly," he rejoined easily.

"Then," exclaimed his wife, pouncing upon him as if she had him in a mouse-trap, "you must believe in granting women entire privilege of the ballot!"

"You're mistaken, Addie," he disputed placidly, "that's a special privilege I should confer exclusively upon the other sex — if I had my way."

Mrs. Ketcham felt her failure to score a point.

"Dan," she burst forth again, changing her point of attack, "you actually repudiate the Constitution, you proclaim yourself narrow, bigoted, medieval, primitive, primeval, when you deny to woman her right to vote on every single thing."

"Hello!" said her husband, in provokingly bland tones, "this must be your stu-

Mrs. Ketcham Almost a Candidate

pendous question, the mystery of which I have been vainly endeavoring to pierce."

"It is," she announced superbly, "and now that I have discussed it with its enemy, my mind is made up."

All of Mrs. Ketcham's doubts had melted away in the heat of her own observations. And Mr. Ketcham's spirits refused to give way even before this fierce onslaught.

"Don't take it so hard, Addie," he remarked soothingly.

"You know very well, Dan," — she was indignant — "that I am no trifler. It only needed this little talk with you to confirm my predilection for world-wide female suffrage." And with an air of unalterable resolution, she began with a bold and rapid hand to write a letter.

"You're right, Addie, stick to your sex."

Mrs. Ketcham flushed at the ineffable tone of masculine tolerance pervading this speech. But she wrote steadily for a moment and then, rising, declaimed with intense emotion:

"You haven't forgotten, Dan, that the legislature long ago gave women the right to vote for and to hold the office of school trustee, have you?"

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"Oh, no," said Mr. K., smilingly, "but that was smuggled through by some woman's club. Nobody else wanted it."

"Dan!" she fairly flew at him, sure at last of herself, "that law has behind it the Confederated Women's Clubs of the State, and this moment," she seized the letter and waved it toward him with an imperial air, "in response to their petition, I have agreed to run for the office myself in my home city."

Ketcham became suddenly rigid. His cigar dropped from his open mouth and burned its way unheeded into the rug, via his vest. Mrs. K. stood rooted to the spot, gazing, fascinated, at the various emotions and colors chasing each other across her loved one's face.

Fumbling in his pocket he finally succeeded in drawing forth the evening paper, which he slowly opened, pointing without a word to the announcement of her own father's candidacy for school trustee.

Mrs. Ketcham seized her husband's arm convulsively.

"Oh, Dan!" she began wildly, "I hate woman suffrage! I do indeed! You couldn't make me vote—you really couldn't! I don't know what got into me and induced me

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to write that letter," and tearing the unlucky paper into bits she flung them far and wide and subsided, an abject heap, into the nearest chair.

Father ran for the office. The "might have been" he never knew.

XX

SHE NAILS THE "POPULAR" VOTE



R. KETCHAM had been wary of discussing with his wife the details and incidents of his Congressional campaign. Fearing to warn her specifically against interference, he carefully avoided all conversation touching the issues of the race.

With a dozen interests now where she formerly had one, he trusted to absorption in her own particular affairs to keep her out of his, for he recalled — not infrequently and with considerable uneasiness — her past destructive methods. And she, like politics, altered not.

He noted, with some misgivings, that her narrow escape from becoming a candidate against her father for school trustee, instead of quelling her incipencies, had actually awakened a more virulent interest in politics.

She Nails the "Popular" Vote

"To think, Dan, that I could go for three days without once looking at the papers!" she lamented.

"That was all right," he assured her with masculine guile, "why do you want to bother about what is in the papers?"

"But how awful if I had announced against father!"

"Not awful, Addie, just foolish."

"I never dreamed of anything of the kind," she reiterated for the dozenth time.

"I had Bridget call up every morning and tell them we were well and ask if they were and say I was too busy to talk."

"Quite right, too — probably satisfied them. Women would accomplish more if they concentrated oftener."

Of course she had no answer. Yet Mrs. Ketcham was not to be consoled or cajoled. She chided herself severely for her lack of interest in public affairs and resolved to make forthright amends.

Ketcham meantime preached so exhaustively about domestic virtues and soul-satisfying, womanly occupations that on the day of the barbecue, a week later, he believed he had not preached in vain. Also, he had carefully refrained from even

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mentioning the barbecue or the fact that it was to be a general political rally. His wife was apparently ignorant of it.

When he told her good-bye, however, he threw out casually, "By the way, Addie, I suppose I'll have to go to that barbecue today. Don't wait supper, I may be a little late."

"Very well, Dan," she answered sweetly with a volunteered kiss, which her husband returned cordially, gratefully, and with complete forgiveness for all her past sins. She was the dearest of little wives, he said to himself, aware of her own shortcomings, and now resolved to help him in those beautiful feminine ways, so well understood by a woman and how dearly beloved of man.

That evening Mr. Ketcham returned from the barbecue hot and tired; Mrs. Ketcham had remained at home and was cool and fresh.

"Who spoke?" she asked.

"Oh, several of us," he answered indifferently.

"Was that horrid labor candidate there?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

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"I'm not!" with emphasis.

"Why, Dan! You said this morning that all you wanted was a chance to eat him up."

"I said no such nonsensical thing."

"Oh, you did, Dan! You certainly said that it wouldn't take you two minutes to dispose of that low fellow if you could only get at him."

Mr. Ketcham's only response was a kind of growl, which his wife chose not to notice.

"But I had a suspicion that the labor candidate was worrying you," said Mrs. Ketcham with a knowing look.

"Oh, indeed!" with a short laugh.

"Yes," she returned at this tacit acknowledgment of her discernment. "And you know you tried hard to conceal it," she went on archly.

Mr. Ketcham making no denial, his wife elaborated.

"You couldn't hide it from me, and I really felt worried myself when they began to accuse you of being an enemy of the laboring man."

Mr. Ketcham preserved a discreet silence.

"So I determined to set everybody right."

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Mr. Ketcham lowered his paper and looked at her suspiciously.

"Yes! I wanted every laboring man in the district to know that you employ a hundred laborers yourself on your farm, and — although they are convicts — you pay them the highest —"

"Addie!" roared her husband, bounding out of his chair and glaring at her.

Mrs. Ketcham quailed.

"You don't mean to tell me in *dead, cold, sober earnest* that you boasted I employ convict labor?"

"Why, of course, I did — to such a nice reporter," she replied with a burst of courage. "Those wretched newspapers said that you were an enemy of labor and I knew you employed all those convicts and took the best of care of them and paid the highest —"

Mr. Ketcham interrupted her with a cry.

Mrs. Ketcham looked alarmed, and whispered with a whimper: "Surely, Dan, you couldn't claim that telling the truth is ever really wrong."

"Oh, no, certainly not!" he agreed with another howl. "I enjoy being hissed and reviled and thrown at and figuratively spat upon. I like it."

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"Oh, Dan!" she wailed. "I do so want to help."

Dan's feelings were deep for even a groan — in fact he was highly incensed. Mrs. Ketcham was vitally wounded by her husband's rage, amazed at it. Neither had ever happened *before*.

He was moved to make many impersonal remarks about the astonishing misunderstandings of women. She was equally nerved to fiery defence of their natural intelligence and trained ability.

So tangled and knotted did the threads of their domestic life become that it is doubtful when they could have been straightened again but for the pulling off of the primaries. One red-hot day the votes were cast, the polls closed, ballots counted — and Mr. Ketcham discovered to have won.

In the fervor of great joy his icy indignation with his wife, for the almost killing blow that she had dealt him, melted.

Restored to the sunshine of his favor, she beamed again, and viewed her recent crime with complacency.

"After all, Dan," she could not forego saying, "the truth never *does* any harm."

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"Better not talk about that convict business, Addie. I'd rather forget it."

She could not escape a sense of her own superiority, but she smiled and made up her mind to put the incident out of her mind since her husband wished it. But even he could not subdue her fierce ambition for him, and now that he had been nominated for Congress and was riding on to high and certain fame, she resolved that henceforth her energies should be conserved, and forever further devoted, to his career.

"Dan," she told him a few days later, "I have resigned from the Cooking Club!"

The announcement was made with a solemnity that brought a smile to Mr. Ketcham's face.

"That was an important step, Addie, but why take it?"

"Your question rather surprises me, Dan," she remarked pompously. "I should think that the reason would immediately suggest itself to you, in view of — of — well, recent events."

Mr. Ketcham's amusement increased.

"By 'recent events' you mean my nomination, I suppose?" He was now grinning broadly.

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"Certainly," she replied, in a tone which seemed to at once commiserate and forgive his denseness.

"You see, Dan," she continued, carefully pasting complimentary newspaper clippings into his scrap book, "with my change of sphere my tastes are also undergoing alteration."

"Mine are not, Addie, and I must say that your work in the Cooking Club has been a credit to you."

Mrs. Ketcham did not acknowledge the compliment; in fact, she was not pleased.

"I know perfectly well, Dan, what your ideals for a woman are," she stated loftily, "but as you know, I have different standards, and while I deplore your lack of sympathy, I think that I can act up to them and not be quite a—well, a failure."

Mr. Ketcham was in no mood for a contest. He still laughed over his recent victory.

"When I withdrew from the club I frankly stated my reasons."

Mr. Ketcham looked uneasy. His wife's frankness was frequently weird, all-embarassing.

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"I told the members that since the primaries I felt called to higher things; that cookery might suit them, but that —"

"Great guns, Addie," broke in her husband, glaring at her, "are you aware that the wives of the most influential men in town belong to that club?"

"Certainly, Dan," quite sharply, "but there is now a great difference between us, and I told them plainly that I recognized that difference, and —"

Mr. Ketcham made a desperate effort to control himself.

"Am I to understand, Addie," he interrupted, "that you really made that ridiculous statement to those women?"

Mrs. Ketcham looked startled, but she answered with some temper:

"And if I did, it's not so very dreadful!"

"Dreadful!" echoed her enraged husband. "Are you aware that every woman in that club is married to a man who has a vote, and that I'm not elected yet!"

As her offence became clear, Mrs. Ketcham in her agitation overturned a paste bottle, and wrung her hands.

"Oh, Dan! my whole idea was to help

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you by doing something more important than just cooking!"

"Addie!" stuttered the desperate politician, metaphorically fixing her with his long forefinger, "if you don't abandon your crazy notion that you can advance my political fortunes by your interference, — you must make up your mind to spend the balance of your life on the head-waters of Salt River!"

Mrs. Ketcham rubbed at her tears with sticky fingers, and brought out between great sobs, "Well, Dan, I'll try to do better; but I really don't think I've made quite as many mistakes as you claim — and only such little ones, too."

Her voice fell over a vasty space, for Ketcham, with a wild light in his eyes, had vanished.

XXI

CONSCIENCE



It required the conjoint efforts of father, mother, her old friend the wise woman and Mr. Ketcham to convince Addie that she had offered a deadly affront to the women of the Cooking Club.

They were sensible persons, she insisted, were quite in sympathy with all her views; and in her shoes would have acted precisely as she did.

“Hush, Addie,” said her suffering husband. “Think what you can do to get yourself and me out of this new and awful mess.”

Then Mrs. Ketcham wrote a sweet little note (sponsored and censored by her husband) to each member of the Cooking Club, to the effect that she feared she had left a wrong impression in their minds as to the exact meaning of her resignation. This, supplemented by a few tactful words from

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the wise woman, who was a great favorite with the women of the Club, some substantial social attentions from father and mother, and a painful jollying of the husbands by Mr. Ketcham, was the program followed.

"The whole trouble is that Dan has got as timid as a rabbit since he went into politics," was his wife's summing-up of the late situation.

And all through the unpleasant affair she felt that her punishment (which meant her husband's disfavor) far exceeded the error.

When mother and father proposed to take her and the small boy to Canada for the remainder of the season, she referred the matter to her husband, doubtfully.

"Why, of course," he exclaimed with suspicious cheeriness, "it'll do you and the boy good. Go! by all means."

She went, worried not a little about how he was to get along without her and receiving but mournful comfort from his assurances that he could manage.

For a time Mr. Ketcham got along swimmingly without his wife. He cleared his desk of its accumulated mail, did some effective campaigning and generally seemed to

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justify his statement that he could navigate as well without her, maybe better.

Divers smudgy postals, marking the course of his wife's trip, reached him. Then came a great, affectionate letter, followed in a few days by a second, and finally another card saying that she would not write him again until she heard from him.

From his point of view this seemed unreasonable. It might be correct for silly, unmated girls; at least they always said so. Addie was married. She knew how occupied he was. How could she expect him to write? And he felt aggrieved as the days elapsed without bringing him a blotty postal or a loving letter.

So he scribbled briefly to remind her of the many claims upon him, demanding that she communicate regularly regardless of his own lapses. She responded by writing always on a certain day of the week, between-times in answer to those he occasionally sent.

He slept in the town house and at first enjoyed the opportunity its quiet afforded him for work, but by degrees, in place of being rested, the very loneliness oppressed him. Then, to relieve his feelings, he wrote his wife. This helped. It also

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brought more letters. Actually he began to watch for them and to feel irritated when they failed to come, so that presently he wrote a daily letter.

Many things occurred to him of which he hadn't thought before — why had he not taken her more fully into his confidence? There were many knotty political situations which a woman's ever-ready intuition might well help to solve. She made mistakes because he treated her like a child: he had failed to make her his companion; she, herself, had complained that he shut her out of his confidence. All this should be changed when she returned. And she ought to return, for he needed her sympathy, her cheer, her — yes, her counsel. Man was become very weak.

The night he decided that he wanted his wife's hand in his political affairs, a small owl sat in a tree close to his window and screeched — in ironical tremolo.

But next day he telegraphed for Addie.

XXII

MRS. KETCHAM, AND MAN



MRS. KETCHAM, howsoever, did not find a new husband in waiting upon her return. There was a temporary revival of the early honeymoon kiss, and no outpouring of political confidences. His emptiness of soul was conceived of the evening. But she arrived in the morning.

In the actual presence of his wife, Ketcham's old caution returned. He decided to defer his plan of telling all until some time after the election. The situation was ticklish — why take unnecessary risks? To her many questions about his race he answered briefly, or casually, or vaguely. When the votes had been safely counted he would gradually confer with her, possibly.

Meanwhile, he talked to her about peaches. Was she going to cut off his supply of preserves because she had gone north? There

Mrs. Ketcham, and Man

were still fine peaches in the market, begging to be put in tight glass jars for the purpose of giving mid-winter comfort to tired husbands.

They were making their mid-day meal.

"I can manage the peach preserves if something more important doesn't interfere. You see Dan," timidly, "I have a little plan which I think you will approve; I'm sure it will help to elect you."

Her husband glanced at her eloquently, but did not speak.

"I know I have made a few mistakes," she confessed, "getting people mixed, you know; being cold when I should have been — well, even gushing, and then doing just the other way, but," she went on hopefully, "this is quite *different*."

Mr. Ketcham maintained a silence out of which she tried to extract comfort.

"You have often said that a little hospitality wisely distributed was a good investment. Now why can't we have a little informal gathering of just the influential people the night before election? They would feel so much — so much warmer to you, and would be sure not to forget to vote."

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Mr. Ketcham laughed. His wife regarded him doubtfully for a moment and then continued,

“Now those nice people, the Stradlers — ”

“Oh, yes,” said her husband pleasantly, “those *very* nice people who boast that they never take sides in politics!”

“Yes, of course, and we might influence them, you know.”

Mr. Ketcham laughed again. His wife was now decidedly encouraged.

“Why, really, Dan, I had no idea you would take to it so quickly, though I knew all along it was a splendid — well, scheme.”

“Go on. Who else is to be at your political reception?” parried Mr. Ketcham from the easy stretches of his couch.

“Well, I thought we would have all those nice doctors and professors from the University.”

“Certainly,” acquiesced her husband, “don’t leave out a single man who could lose his place by taking too much dish in politics.”

His wife beamed.

“Then there is Mr. Civilservice — you never seemed very friendly, but I thought

Mrs. Ketcham, and Man

it might be different if he were invited for such a special occasion; and the Bankes and Mr. Trustee."

"Yes, yes," chuckled her husband, "Trustee! the man who thinks the country will go to the devil if I'm elected."

"But, then, these little social functions do change people, and perhaps we can make him for us."

Mr. Ketcham gave a shout.

"I suppose you left out all the Jobbes and the Heelers and the Flooences," he queried easily.

"Of course, Dan, how could I ask those horrid people?"

"Of course," he agreed mirthfully, when a sudden thought made him sit bolt upright and sent his voice across the room like a bullet.

"Do I understand that invitations for this thing have been sent?" His voice was hard.

Mrs. Ketcham hesitated, and then spoke blushing.

"I intended to surprise you, Dan; I wanted to show you that I did have what you call 'political sense.' I am so —"

"Have they been sent?" he reiterated,

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glaring at her with a ferocity that seemed too great, even for this situation.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Addie," in a tone of iron, "this damned nonsense settles it! I am a ruined man!"

"Perhaps they haven't been mailed," she gasped, when she could catch her breath.

He bounded downstairs and returned with a pile of rose-colored, heliotrope-scented notes, which he proceeded to burn — with savage joy!

Glum silence reigned in the House of Ketcham following the destruction of her reception invitations. But not for long. Mrs. Ketcham, now thoroughly alive to the chances of disaster to her husband if she persisted in ill-advised and unadvised projects, retired gracefully to fairer fields, wherein she produced such marvels of husband-blandishing sweetness that the most cordial relations were reestablished between them. But not for long.

The day before election she went shopping, and that was not the only thing she did.

"Dan," she said triumphantly, as Mr. Ketcham walked in late for dinner, with a frazzled look on his face, "you say that I

Mrs. Ketcham, and Man

always do the wrong thing, but I didn't make a mistake this time! I met old Dooley this morning — cut him dead."

"What!" shouted her husband, all trace of exhaustion vanishing.

"Why, Dan!" gasped his wife, "you said only last night, 'never temporize with an enemy: let him understand you know him, and' — "

"Do you mean to tell me," interrupted the enraged politician, "that you refused to speak to the man who casts the entire Irish vote?"

"But, Dan," commenced his wife, "if he is against you — "

"He's not. He's for me — or was," he added with tragic emphasis. "He will now support the other fellow. I deserve this for being fool enough to discuss affairs with my wife, my own affairs."

"That's just it! If you were more candid and had only told me he was for you this time, things would have been all right."

Mr. Ketcham groaned.

"I am sorry, of course," resumed Mrs. Ketcham. "I hate to snub people, but it's done now and then, and really I hardly feel that I am to blame. But I made up for

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my bad treatment of Dooley by being especially cordial a few minutes later to Mr. Snobbs."

"Snobbs!" yelled her husband, this time pushing his chair back from the table.

"Why, yes; your great friend and —"

"Read that, Mrs. Ketcham," throwing her a printed circular which he took from his coat pocket. "In it 'friend' Snobbs calls me trickster, corruptionist, and liar. Thousands of them are on the street, most of them getting read!"

He watched her with a kind of frenzied calm, while she realized the character of the paper.

"Really, Dan," she stammered, "this is too bad; but I am so interested in your race and so anxious to help." She paused a moment, then added tearfully, "You do think wives help a little, don't you, Dan?"

"Yes," he responded grimly; "as 'helps' to beat a man for office, I put them against the world!"

Mrs. Ketcham wept, not loudly but distinctly, while Mr. Ketcham savagely attacked his dinner. There was a very poor sunset.

The rising sun, however, brought Mr.

Mrs. Ketcham, and Man

Ketcham success and Mrs. Ketcham happiness, with perfect absolution.

An extra session, called immediately after the adjournment of the regular, took them to Washington early in March. They found quarters in a brand-new apartment hotel, and started out on their new life with high hopes, warm hearts and ill-concealed joy.

XXIII

COMMITTEES AND OTHERS



DON'T understand it, Dan," complained Mrs. Ketcham.

"It's more than probable that I don't either," her husband observed dejectedly.

"Here we've been in Washington nearly a week, and — "

"A week!" interrupted Mr. Ketcham, with a groan, "it seems a year."

He was thinking of the things he'd learned.

"And the Speaker hasn't been to see you yet," finished his wife, with an air of one who can barely credit her own statement.

Mr. Ketcham started, and for an instant a poor smile lightened the gloom of his countenance.

"They tell me it's not usual for the Speaker to call on many of the new members, Addie."

"Why, I thought he was the man who put

Committees and Others

you on Committees," said Mrs. Ketcham, anxious not to get too mixed on an important question.

"Not now; a Committee looks after that, too," Ketcham answered in a brooding tone.

Mrs. Ketcham was thoughtful for a moment, not more.

"Oh, I see. You tell the Committee what you want and they give it to you."

"Something like that."

"Well, I shouldn't go near them."

Mr. Ketcham made no reply. He was trying to remember how many times he had called to see the various Committee Members.

"If you do," she went on fluently, "they'll work you to death — there's no telling how many Committees they'll put you on."

Mr. Ketcham jerked himself out of his chair and rang for ice water.

"You see," she said confidentially, "I've had some experience, and there's no fun in committee work. I've been on supper committees and program committees and things like that, and now, whenever anything comes up in the Club, I'm just a little cool to the President, or I stay away — and then some other woman has to serve."

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"Addie," Ketcham rejoined in constrained tones, "you don't understand."

"Oh, yes, I do," she answered composedly, "it's just a habit of yours to say that I don't understand things."

Mr. Ketcham began to walk distractedly about the room.

"Dan," his wife observed him carefully, "you're nervous; I can see that you're hurt at the Speaker's failure to —"

She stopped abruptly as her husband threw up a window with apparent noise. "Gracious, Dan! You act like a crazy man!"

Mr. Ketcham turned a somber look upon her, and then leaned out to the raw spring air.

"Really, Dan," she said uneasily, "these hotel rooms are stuffy, I admit, but you'll take cold doing that, and besides I want to say, about those Committees —"

Mr. Ketcham gazed below. The street was a far way down. He drew himself into the room, closed the window with another bang, and turned to his wife with the air of the suffering male.

"The Committee question has been settled for me, Addie. The Committee has finally

Committees and Others

agreed — or rather, promised — ” he paused confusedly, “or I might say tendered or elected me, to a Committeeship which I—I—” he cleared his throat, “have consented to accept.

“But!” he added, stopping his wife as she was about to interrupt, “this is a delicate matter, Addie, and I should prefer that you didn’t discuss it with any one, particularly the ladies among the Congressional people in the hotel.”

“I think, Dan,” with a dignified turn of her head, “that you may always rely upon my discretion. I was only anxious on your account.

“Why, only yesterday, I heard Mrs. Leader complaining of how overworked her poor husband was; and of course I said that *you* — ”

“That’s the very point!” erupted Ketcham. “It wouldn’t be good taste for new Members to complain — not to mention their wives!”

“Yes, I see,” his wife was proud of understanding. “I shan’t say a word; but really, will the work on your Committee be positively exhausting, like Mr. Leader’s?”

Mr. Ketcham removed his tie—it had

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a choky feeling that seemed somehow associated with his failure to remember how many years had sped away since his Committee met.

"N-o, I'm sure not," he confided finally, wiping the perspiration from his brow as he walked to the door, and took in the ice water.

"I'm so glad, Dan!" she exclaimed affectionately.

XXIV

CONGRESS WITHOUT THE
HUSBAND?



WHEN Mr. Ketcham returned to his hotel one evening early in the session, suffering with the acute depression common to new Members, his wife suspected la grippe and became alarmed.

"What would happen if you should really be ill?" she exclaimed, descending upon him with a thermometer.

"Doctors' bills," he responded briefly.

"Oh, Dan!" she whispered, in tender reproach, "I wasn't thinking of the expense."

Mr. Ketcham made no reply. He had relapsed into an owl's silence, the thermometer under his tongue.

"I was wondering, dear," she said fondly, "what Congress would do without you."

A painful smile widened Mr. Ketcham's eloquent mouth, necessitating a precipitate

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from your place tomorrow," she maintained with open pride.

"Do you know, Addie," Mr. Ketcham stated slowly, "I believe that I could stay away from the House of Representatives for — for — " he hesitated, "a week, even, and not be missed!"

"Goodness, I can't bear to hear you say such a ridiculous thing!"

Mr. Ketcham sat with his arms on his knees, looking pensively at the carpet.

"Candidly, Dan," continued his wife, a peremptory ring in her voice, "ever since we came to Washington I've noticed a disposition on your part to belittle yourself."

"Perhaps I *am* smaller," he suggested, walking to the dresser, where he began with a dispirited air to study his own reflection in the glass.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed in real anger. "You know as well as I do that your services to the party are inestimable! and that not another man in your district could represent it as you do or take your place in Congress!"

His wife's words sounded familiar to Mr. Ketcham. He recollected that he had used

Congress Without the Husband?

them himself, but they now had the cheer of a funeral bell.

"Addie," he said, with attempted lightness, "let up on such talk to outsiders, will you?"

Mrs. Ketcham flushed and looked hurt.

"You see," he added, with lame jocosity, "people might imagine that you were getting bumptious."

And while Ketcham extended himself on the couch, his wife racked her memory in a painful endeavor to recall the number of sympathetic people to whom she had expressed her appreciation of her husband's now exalted talent and position. She thought of several.

XXV

SOME FOREIGN AFFAIRS



RS. KETCHAM'S Washington program embraced only perfect contentment for herself, the small boy and Ketcham; but it was not long before she discovered that her husband was not happy.

She racked her memory and discovered what she believed to be the cause.

"Do you think, Dan," she demanded, emerging from an attitude of deep thought, "that a man is always the best judge of his own qualifications?"

"He usually knows what he can't do."

"That's just it, a man frequently underestimates his powers."

"What man?" asked her husband, with startled curiosity.

"Why — why — " she began hesitatingly; "well — you, for one, Dan," she finally admitted.

Some Foreign Affairs

Mr. Ketcham smiled. He admired his wife's imagination.

"Really," pursuing the subject earnestly, "you've no idea how, at times, you decry yourself."

Mr. Ketcham received this statement very much as a scientist might a fine new theory in physics.

"How do you reach your hypothesis, Addie?"

"Easily enough," replied his wife, eager to demonstrate her insight into his character. "Just look at your course in regard to Committee assignments!" She paused to observe the effect of her words.

Mr. Ketcham pondered, and then gave up.

"Well, I declare, Dan!" she continued, provoked that her husband should not immediately see the application of her words, "you really act as though you didn't know what I was talking about!"

"I don't!"

"And after the many times that we have discussed it, too!"

Mr. Ketcham remained calm.

"You surely remember how opposed I was when you went on that obscure Com-

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mittee that never meets!" declaimed Mrs. Ketcham, with a touch of excitement.

"I do," admitted her husband, recalling with chagrin his clamorous efforts to land elsewhere.

"And you know, too, that I was in favor of your going on Foreign Affairs," recited his wife with increased excitement.

Mr. Ketcham suffered a momentary twinge of conscience, but kept silent.

"Now, Dan, to me it is quite plain that with a little more self-assertion and a little more confidence in your own powers, you could have got on that Foreign Committee. You should think of your *Power to Will* — others, yourself. I have seen so much about it in the papers." And Mrs. Ketcham plainly indicated that, in her opinion, things would have gone differently had the matter been placed in her hands.

With another twinge of conscience, Mr. Ketcham demurred weakly.

"But I don't know anything about foreign affairs, Addie."

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly, "that's just exactly what I've been saying. You distrust your own ability, but I know quite well that you are fully informed about

Some Foreign Affairs

— about — well — everything foreign,” she ended vaguely.

Mr. Ketcham cleared his throat, and responded majestically, “I have never made a study of our Foreign Relations, Addie.”

“But you already know so much about them, Dan! Why, you were talking only the other day of — of — ” anxiously casting about in her mind for some fragment of her husband’s foreign policy — “why — about that invasion of the South.”

“Invasion of the South?” he repeated wonderingly.

“Certainly!” she answered firmly.

“I’m not mistaken, for I can remember your very manner when you said it,” she continued, with increased positiveness..

“You’re mixed, Addie,” he commented judicially.

“Of course, Dan!” she complained, “you’ve persuaded yourself that I’m always wrong, but I can recall the remark perfectly. You said that ‘this invasion would extend from Texas and Oklahoma, across the Mississippi River, through the Gulf states to the Atlantic Coast.’ ”

“Great Scott, Addie!” exploded D. W., “that was the boll-weevil invasion!” and

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Mr. Ketcham's calm gave way to uncontrollable chuckles.

"Well, anyway," blushing furiously at her blunder, "that wasn't the only thing you said, Dan!"

And she continued, struggling with her mortification,

"There's that matter about Mexicans going into Texas and driving cattle back across the border, burning houses and sometimes killing cows or people. Now, your knowing about that would be such a help to the country."

But the last shred of Mrs. Ketcham's composure vanished before her husband's uncivilized and — to her — scandalously rude shouts over this interpretation of things foreign. She sounded like a reading of the Record!

XXVI

THE ULTIMATE STRAW



WHEN the Ketchams reached home after a first season in Washington their principal possessions were three excess-weight trunks filled with innumerable unnecessary gowns and hats, and a depleted bank account. After much serious reflection during the vacation period, Mr. Ketcham determined on a modified method of living within the Capital City.

On their return for the opening of the regular session, they began life on a more modest scale. Mr. Ketcham worked hard and won for himself, with his fellows, the reputation of being a serious, capable Member. Mrs. Ketcham was likewise recognized, for her sincerity.

When Dan was advanced in Committee assignments Mrs. Ketcham looked at him fondly.

"I was sure they'd find you out," came very naturally from her lips.

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After a dash or two into society, Mrs. Ketcham, heeding her husband's remonstrance, fixed modest social limits for herself; and lived contentedly.

When home-grown opposition to Ketcham finally developed, he met it with the disgust usual to those who are in office. If a man does his best and that best is good, why aren't folks satisfied to let him be?

Mr. Ketcham mopped his brow as he walked home with the news. His wife at once noticed that something was wrong and undiplomatically at once inquired as to causes. This further annoyed the irate office-holder.

"A woman always thinks there is 'something the matter' with her husband unless he is continually hilarious," he threw out disgustedly.

And when he finally confessed that a certain "presumptuous, ambitious upstart" was after his place, Mrs. Ketcham became excited.

"Let him run! *We'll* beat him!"

But Mr. Ketcham was in no mood to receive assurances of success, from his wife.

"Yes, we'll beat him!" he repeated sarcastically, "provided you stay hands off."

The Ultimate Straw

Keep out of this matter, and it'll come right."

Mrs. Ketcham blushed deeply. "Do you mean that, Dan?"

Mr. Ketcham's temper was on top and he drove recklessly on. "I certainly do."

"I don't believe you know how much I *have* done for you, Dan."

"I know enough."

This was more than she could bear. She looked steadily at him and said, "I admit, dear, that I have made mistakes when —"

"Your record as a fellow-campaigner certainly permits that statement," he interrupted with a raucous laugh.

His wife listened with unbelieving ears. She had learned so much since the days to which he referred. Also, she had suffered, and for him.

She tried hard not to mind what he said, but to no purpose. A flood of resentment arose within her.

"How you can sit there, and in that cold-blooded way intimate that I've done you only harm, is just too much for any woman to stand!"

But his mood was savage and he rushed blindly ahead.

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"I'm an ungrateful creature! Don't waste any more time on me and my affairs! Give 'em up!"

"Can you be serious?" she cried wrathfully.

"Sure."

"Very well, that settles it: I'll never bother about your politics again. You may be beaten as often as you like."

"Good! Fine!! I won't be defeated if you'll cease interfering."

"That's all right," she exclaimed, now thoroughly aroused, "I'll never again pay any attention to your campaigns."

"Is that a promise?" Mr. Ketcham put it to her eagerly.

"Certainly — that is, if you wish it," already weakening a little.

He drew a letter from his pocket, and began to write upon the envelope.

"How'll this do? 'Jan. 1st, the day of good Resolutions and Contracts:

"I, Addie Sweet Ketcham, wife of Daniel Webster Ketcham, do promise and swear that — ' "

"Dan! you surely don't want me to *swear* to anything!" Mrs. Ketcham's face flushed with humiliation.

The Ultimate Straw

“Why not? — ‘that I’ll never again take any part by word or action in my husband’s political affairs!’

“Now sign.”

Mrs. Ketcham, like a dazed Fate, seized the paper and signed her name in wavering characters.

“Great cheers!” her husband shouted, with the smile of a man who has met a foe and unexpectedly conquered.

Mrs. Ketcham burst into hysterical tears and threw the pencil as far into space as the walls of the room would permit.

“I’ll never, *never* keep such an odious, wicked promise!”

Of course, she never did.

But this was because her husband tore the contract to tiny bits, then called himself a brute and swore that no man living was good enough for such a loving creature.

XXVII

RUMBLINGS ON CAPITOL HILL



HE learned to go to Congress and loved to listen to House debates. The vastness of it all intrigued her; its fuss-and-folderol were so congenial.

When she first entered the House gallery she did so reverently, stepping softly and seating herself much as if in a Cathedral.

A flush of enthusiasm colored her cheeks — for she felt herself in the presence of the concentrated mind of the Nation, of undiluted display.

“What’s going on?” she asked a woman to her left, in reverent whispers.

“I don’t know, I’ve just come in.”

Addie tried to give attention to the proceedings on the floor, but a party of visitors behind her were chattering so noisily that she could hear only them.

“I’m for luncheon before we tackle the

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Library," said a deciding voice, and then they got up and rustled out.

She leaned forward with a sigh of relief. Now she could listen.

"Who is that talking?" demanded a girl beside her, "that man with mutton-chops, and a white string tie?"

"How I wish I knew," breathed Addie.

Just then a Congressman entered the gallery with country constituents in tow. They proved a lively crowd, bustling into seats, and out of them again for better ones vacated by another junketing party — and all in the very best humor imaginable.

"What's the fat man saying?" inquired some one, indicating the gesticulating figure on the floor.

"Only he and the Lord know or care," laughed the statesman, proceeding to point out to his friends the more prominent Members of the restless Body below.

Dreadful. Again Addie tried to rivet her attention on the speaker, but some one seated beyond her wanted to leave. By the time she had risen, flattened herself against her chair, reseated and readjusted herself, another Member was talking and the confusion in the gallery started up again.

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Mrs. Ketcham finally yielded to the influences about her, took note of the smart hats of the women and the cut of their gowns, listened to the comments on all sides and began to feel herself a part of the political life of Washington. It was good.

"It certainly is interesting to go to the Capitol," she revealed a few days later to Mr. Ketcham, who was just back from a flying trip to his district.

"What did you learn?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, well, I saw how everything was done," she answered a little vaguely, avoiding the specific.

"Who spoke?"

"Quite a number, but I couldn't find out who they were."

"What did they say?"

Mrs. Ketcham turned red. Dan had such *queer* ways. Sometimes his manners were quite disagreeable. Why couldn't he be satisfied with her statement that she had enjoyed herself and felt really uplifted by the experience, instead of quizzing her as to just what she had discovered.

"I suppose you think I paid no attention to anything!" she began indignantly, re-

Rumblings on Capitol Hill

calling her really religious feelings and almost prayerful efforts to listen.

"Well, what *did* you hear?" he persisted.

For a brief moment Mrs. Ketcham was overwhelmed by her husband's unfriendliness, then rose triumphant to a flash of memory.

"I heard a beautiful story about a dear old soldier who went all through some war and wanted a pension; and another Congressman got up and sneered and said — "

Mr. Ketcham gave a shout and laughed until tears welled up in his eyes.

Mrs. Ketcham regarded him unsmilingly until he was able to speak.

"You don't mean to say, Addie, that you sat through Pension Day in the House?"

And Mr. Ketcham again abandoned himself to what his wife considered unprovoked and very senseless mirth.

"Why can't you tell me when to go? You know I want to understand all about the things you do and are interested in, so I can help you sometimes — perhaps," she added hurriedly in response to the expression on her husband's face.

"If you honestly want to follow the work in Congress, Addie, stay away from the

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Capitol! and read carefully and regularly — regularly, mind you — at least one newspaper, if possible a good one.

“I’ll have my secretary send you a copy of the Congressional Record every morning, too, so you can get the original debates on anything you especially want to look into. You will be more than satisfied.”

He spoke both soberly and kindly; she was grateful. Rarely demonstrative, he pushed the hair from her brow and let his hand rest lightly on her head.


“And *think*, Addie, think first what it is you want to know, how you can get it and then” — he paused a moment — “go to work; don’t spare yourself.”

She hid her face on his shoulder, her faithful heart over-burdened, as it had ever been, with the desire to serve. But in that moment when she leaned against him there came to her awakening mind the conviction that he spoke truly. If she hoped to keep at his side she must think and act, not merely feel. All the zeal of the Crusaders would be useless to her unless backed by sober brain-power.

Mrs. Ketcham did not become a new woman over-night.

XXVIII

MR. KETCHAM, AND WOMAN

HE threatened opposition definitely developed, and with the approach of the primaries Mrs. Ketcham found herself in a very agony of excitement, much more than she had ever experienced. It seemed as though Congress would never adjourn and permit D. W. the opportunity of devoting himself to his race.

To the important party measures which held him in Washington he gave distracted attention, meanwhile despatching perfervid letters to all wavering constituents — calling their attention to his heroic conduct in remaining at his post of duty though personal interests might demand his presence in the old-home district! For primaries were everything down there.

All things went wrong. Even his letter of announcement for re-election, which the

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law of the State required every candidate to prepare — sign with his own hand — and publish not later than thirty days before the Primaries, was written three times before he could reduce it to simple, proper terms. Mrs. Ketcham found the rejected letters in the waste-basket and tenderly gave them place among her personal treasures. The type-writer, that iron hand of now, had made these souvenirs so rare.

After a silent communing with herself, Mrs. Ketcham declared her intention of leaving Washington and returning home with the small boy. A frown of uneasiness visited Mr. Ketcham's brow at his wife's announcement.

"Why this sudden decision?" His tones were unsympathetic.

"Whooping-cough around the corner and measles across the street." His brow smoothed.

"And if we're to have a garden and frying chickens this summer, it's time for me to go," she added firmly.

With a final spasm of doubt, Ketcham at the right time gave his family a parting kiss and a handful of money, then saw their train go out of sight.

Mr. Ketcham, and Woman

Arrived on the tilting ground Mrs. Ketcham, after a careful investigation of the situation, sent the following telegram to her husband, — “Stick to your post. Makes you popular. Everything going well. A.”

Busy days followed. Summer waned, politics waxed. Yet Addie must have a vacation.

The day she set was a scorcher; Mrs. Ketcham did not mind. She was enjoying the lassitude that follows hard work well done. The night before she had locked the store-room door on rows and rows of glistening jars filled with her garden's overflow. Today was hers to throw away.

Languidly she unfolded the morning paper. Her husband had frequently remarked the uncanny skill with which she could discover any mention of him in a newspaper. No matter how obscurely placed by an unfriendly editor, Mrs. Ketcham could invariably descend upon the notice swiftly, unerringly, with every sense awake to its significance. As a clipping service, she was perfect.

This very morning there were other more conspicuous and more important headlines, yet she saw only these:

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*Suffrage Records of Congressman
Ketcham and His Opponent Mr.
Blurb Demanded by Federation of
Women's Clubs*

*Mr. Blurb to Address Women at
City Library this Morning*

Thirty minutes later Mrs. Ketcham, convulsively grasping the steering wheel, sent her flivver humming and honking along the County road to the City Library.

To nothing in their entire record did Mrs. Ketcham point more pridefully than to her position on Woman Suffrage. She had always believed in women. And there was no subject she could discuss and did discuss that gave more discomfort to her husband.

"You see, Dan, I am a Natural Suffragist. I was born one — not manufactured like some people."

It was this allusion to mechanical construction that was so acutely disagreeable to Mr. Ketcham. That there had ever been a time when his present firm attitude toward the Rights of Women needed props was something he labored to forget. His was the cautious masculinity, and when he

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permitted himself to be drawn into a discussion of the then Sacred Cause he was glad to argue impersonally, as one who debates for talk's own sake.

And he was never sure to what extent his wife recalled those pre-historic days when most Suffrage records (male) contained flaws. Only a student should be interested in that — and Mrs. Ketcham was not a student. He noted with some uneasiness that while she had never openly maintained that he had been converted — not born — a Suffragist, neither had she ever specifically included him with herself among the anointed. But always, at the end of their discussions, his wife's *Mona Lisan* smile seemed like a red-hot iron ever hovering to brand him with the scarlet letter of opportunism.

When Mrs. Ketcham entered the crowded Library Mr. Blurb occupied the platform, and was pouring forth arguments strangely familiar to the Congressman's wife. Many times before had she listened to them as they issued from the lips of the Honorable Daniel Webster Ketcham. Only the voice was different.

“Ladies! Is it a crime to be a convert to a great cause? If so, condemn me! My

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unshakable belief that women should have Full Citizenship is, I confess, a growth—the result of an intellectual, a spiritual development within myself. I cannot, will not believe that you could withhold your support of me in my race for Congress because my conclusions have been reached—long, long ago—by a process of sound and safe reasoning, rather than through blind instinct, the intuition of the primitive human being!”

Mr. Blurb was seated amidst applause. The Chairman thanked the speaker for the wholesomeness of his statement, and explained that the members were only awaiting an answer to their telegram to the Honorable D. W. Ketcham before taking final action on the candidacy of the two men.

Mrs. Ketcham arose. All her doubts vanished. She knew now where her husband had always stood on Suffrage. He stood on the other side of everything from this wicked man who was trying to steal his office. Hadn't she often heard him say that they differed on all public questions? She secured parliamentary possession of the platform and addressed the meeting.

Mr. Ketcham, and Woman

“Madam President and women of the Federation! I am Congressman Ketcham’s wife. I know what he thinks and what he feels, and I want to tell you he is everything this man is not!”

Her eyes blazed wrathfully as she shook a small fist at the now confounded Blurb.

“Daniel W. Ketcham is a *primitive* Suffragist, an instinctive Suffragist. He didn’t have to grow up to it; he didn’t have to be convinced of it. He was born a Suffragist — not manufactured to meet the demands of women. This is Dan Ketcham’s answer to your telegram.”

That afternoon as Mr. Ketcham sat at his office desk mopping a damply corrugated brow and writing the one-hundred-and-fifty-first ambiguous answer to the brazen-faced telegram from the women voters of his district, news came of his Unanimous Endorsement by the Federation.

He jumped from his chair, chucked the wreckage of half a dozen paper pads into the waste-basket, kicked the basket across the room, telegraphed his warm appreciation to the Federation, resumed his chair, scratched his head — and wondered.

“I always knew, Dan, dear, that you never

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wobbled, and I just told the women so," wrote his wife in her next letter.

"It's great to be born lucky," he murmured with an enigmatic smile. "And Addie! So far — well!"

XXIX

VINDICATED



HE Saturday before those primaries Addie climbed into her machine and drove to town from her little farm, where she and the boy had been busying themselves with sitting hens and tomato plants. The last errand on her shopping list took her to the steep side of a gutter which ran the length of the main street. In an effort to bring up properly at the curb, she collided with a rickety express wagon, lightly lifted off its front wheel, and threw out a shaky negro driver.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Ketcham as the old man scrambled to his feet and raised a bloody face.

"Why, if it isn't Uncle Ike!" recognizing an old-time family servitor.

"I knows yo' ain't meant to do it, Miss Addie."

"Get in," she commanded.

The old negro, with some assistance from

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kindly and innocent bystanders, climbed into her automobile and a few minutes later was receiving proper attention at the City Hospital.

Returning to the disabled wagon over which a police officer was standing a good-natured guard, Mrs. Ketcham had some large bundles which it contained transferred to her machine. She had promised the old darkey to deliver them at a certain address.

In the unfortunate wreck one of the bundles had fallen to the gutter, and a part of the torn-off wrapper revealed a package of handbills. Mrs. Ketcham viewed it with a careless eye where it was wedged in by her feet, until she suddenly became aware that she was looking at her own husband's name featured in boldly black letters. She now observed that the wagon was standing in front of a printing office; and the color flew to her face when, upon examination, the slip of paper handed her by Uncle Ike showed some framed-up address, and the name of *her* husband's opponent in his race for Congressional renomination!

Laying a nervous hand on the wheel, her machine reeled drunkenly out of the deeps of the storm-gutter and went spinning down

Vindicated

the crowded street at a reckless rate that must soon have put an end to its career, but that Mrs. Ketcham turned into the first cross-street and presently pulled up in the quiet shade of a church. In spite of an impeding haste, she finally succeeded in extracting from the grip of heavy twine a torn, soiled, crumpled but entire handbill from its bundle. Smoothed out it recited this legend:

THE ENEMY OF HONEST TAX PAYERS!

WHO ?

Congressman Ketcham

Communist!!!

Socialist!!!

Bolshevist!!!

*Only Working Men and Women
to be allowed the Ballot!*

Up! Friends of Law and Order!

*At Monday's Primary
Strike from the Ticket
the name of*

Daniel Webster Ketcham

**ARCH-TRAITOR TO PROPERTY RIGHTS
AND CONSERVATISM**

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Mrs. Ketcham breathed hard and saw red. Her heart thumped violently, her head ached, but she was troubled by no doubts as to what she should do. Turning the car in the direction of home she made a record run to the farm. It was still early, and by ten o'clock the small boy was leaping gaily about a bonfire made of large paper packages, which his mother composedly roused into wild flames with Mr. Ketcham's one best fish pole.

The next day was a Sunday. On Monday came the primaries. Throughout the Sabbath Mrs. Ketcham left her telephone receiver off the hook, and when two police officers drove up to her gate in the afternoon she hid in the attic until they had poked about the place, and then departed. Late that night, when she finally hung up her telephone, there was almost immediately a fierce ringing of the bell.

"Y-e-s?" said Mrs. Ketcham.

"This is police headquarters; been trying to get you all day."

Mrs. Ketcham turned pale and her voice trembled a little.

"Well?" she asked sweetly.

There followed an elaborate apology for

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disturbing her but — it had just been ascertained that certain very valuable and important papers had been turned over to her yesterday through an accident to a negro expressman, and the parties to whom they belonged were very anxious to recover them. And they had a right to. Would she be so kind as to put them on her porch? where a messenger, now ready to start in an automobile, could get them without further trouble to them? or some serious trouble for her?

Just what packages did he mean?

He thought she pretty near knew.

Oh, yes. Were they important? But Mrs. Ketcham regretted she could not oblige them. It was too late; she had retired.

Sturdy argument failing to move her, the man at the other end of the line hinted at the illegality of her position. She could hardly wish to withhold property from its lawful owners.

Mrs. Ketcham remained unmoved. The next day would be time enough; the afternoon, as she would not be at home during the morning.

This was too much for her fellow-conversationalist.

“You forget, madam, that the law has

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penalties for people who keep things which don't belong to them," came an exasperated voice.

"Who owned — owns those packages?" Mrs. Ketcham was sure she heard a smothered oath.

"You better look out what you're doing. You haven't heard the last of this," came a furious voice followed by the sharp click of the telephone receiver as it was pitched heavily to its hook.

Mrs. Ketcham went back to bed a little shivery, but presently fell asleep with a smile on her face of a seraphic quality. And Monday night she sent a telegram to Mr. Ketcham, — "We received a good majority in every county."

When Mr. Ketcham returned from Washington three weeks later and harkened to his own wife's story of the confiscated handbills, he gazed upon her with admiration of a new quality.

"Why — weren't you afraid?" he interrogated wonderingly.

"I was! I was! but I didn't believe the law could punish me for stopping such a monstrous *lie!*"

He put his arm about her.

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“They would have ruined me. You’ve paid off all political scores we ever had against you. If every politician had such a wife, he’d soon be at the top!”

Re-Nominee Ketcham stooped and kissed her. The small boy stirred the ashes of a recent bonfire.

So let us leave them. It is safer.



77

DM
CP





4.7

Δm
CP



